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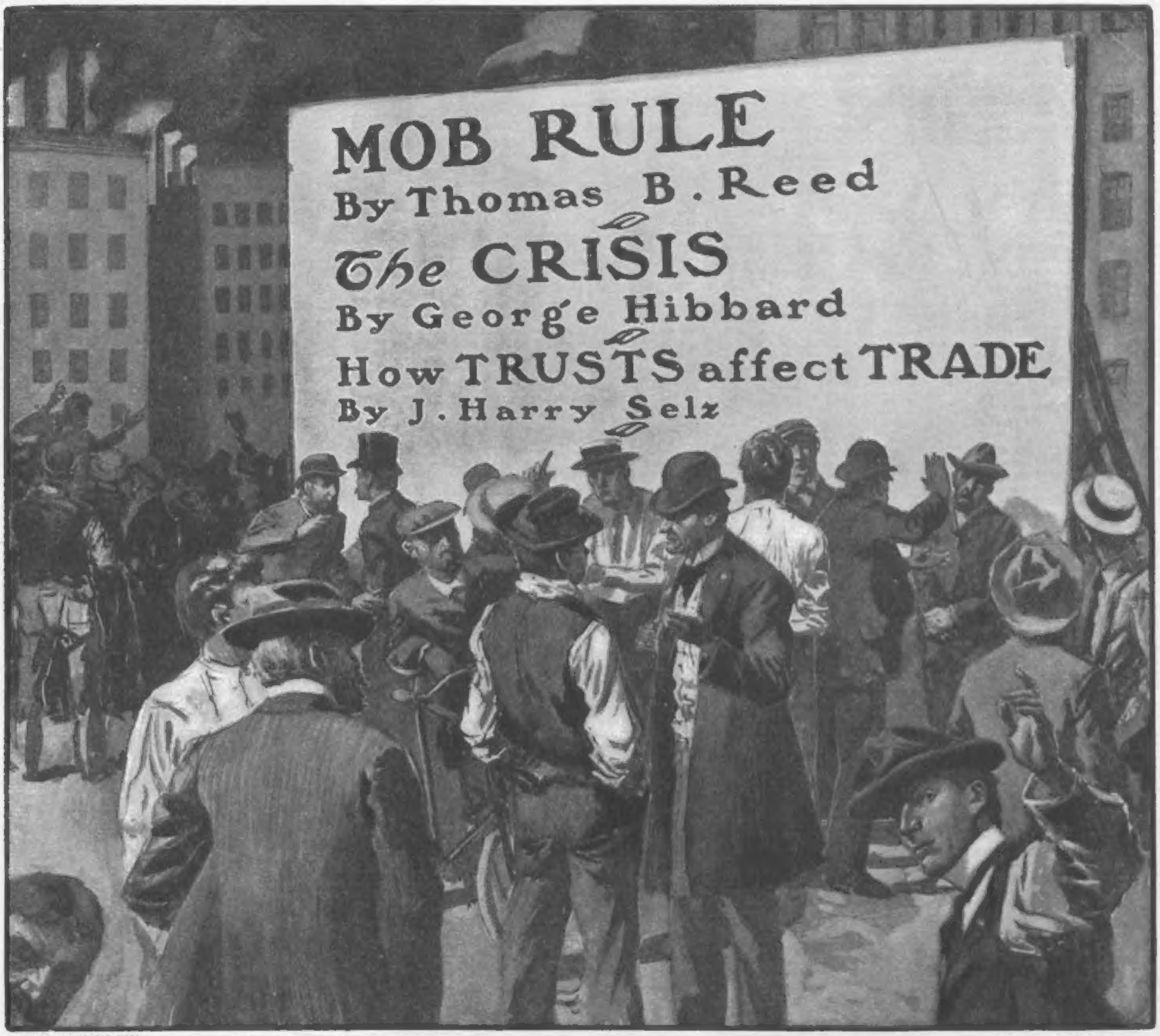

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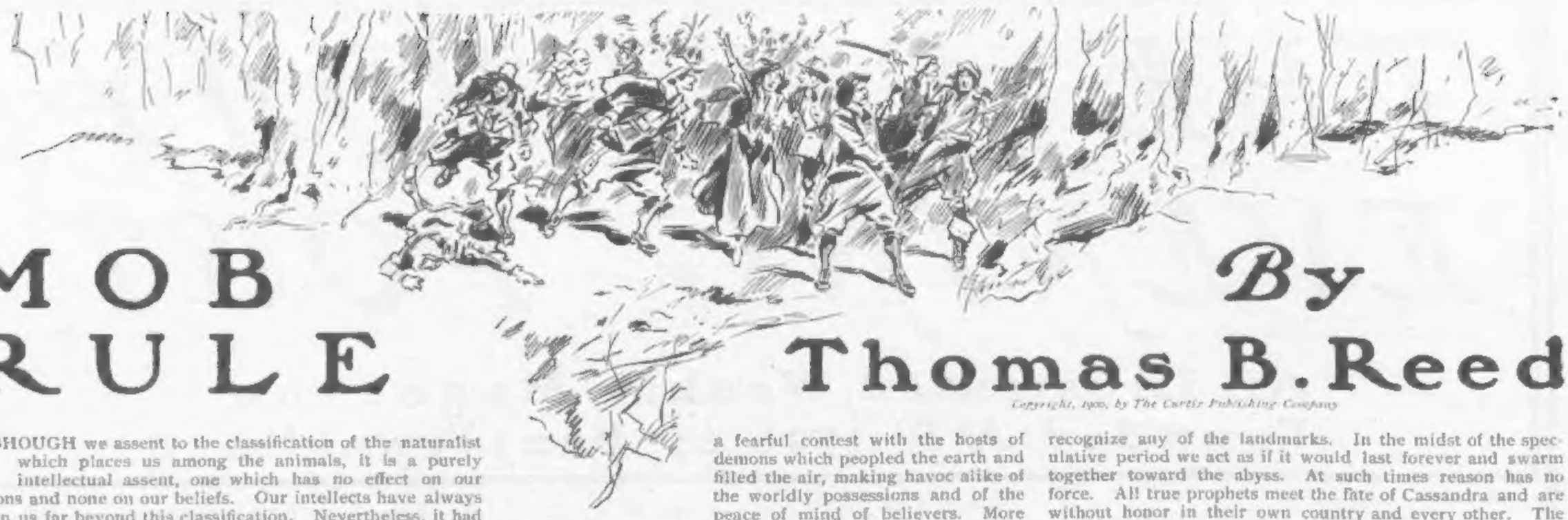

MOB RULE

By Thomas B. Reed

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THOUGH we assent to the classification of the naturalist which places us among the animals, it is a purely intellectual assent, one which has no effect on our actions and none on our beliefs. Our intellects have always taken us far beyond this classification. Nevertheless, it had better not be forgotten. Even the unlearned persons know that there is but one type of skeleton and flesh throughout the animal kingdom; that man and beast and bird and fish, and perhaps even reptile and mollusk, are built on the same plan.

The learned and undevout have gone to the length of serious intellectual faith in our ascent through monkeys from ascidians, whatever those last may be. Notwithstanding all this, we never consider ourselves as animals when we are contemplating our own actions. We deem ourselves always creatures of reason, acting from the dictates of something which we call mind, a something distinct from our animal natures, above them and beyond, immortal as well as invisible. And yet it must be that we are not all reason. There are too many points of resemblance between us and the brutes that perish for us to claim superiority in nature, though we hope for it in degree. In the smallest things as well as the largest we show our origin and never quite realize it. When you disfigure an animal or put him in some unusual condition and send him among his fellows; when you singe a rat, for instance, cut off his tail and let him go, his kind treat him very much as we treated the woman who invented the bloomer costume, or as we treat men who discover new religions or part their hair in the middle.

Some of the Crazy Lurches of Mankind

However, it is not of these minor matters, of which any one may suggest many instances, that this discourse will treat. Our animal origin manifests itself in greater matters when we are doing our worst and, while we are doing it, pride ourselves that we are doing our best. The way in which men go in throngs and crowds always seems to have something essentially animal in it. That men should unitedly go in the right direction is not at all strange. Reason, it would seem, ought at all times and in all men to be the same. It ought to lead to right results, to right thinking and to right action, and it ought to do so in the whole mass of men. Nevertheless, every age and every century witness some crazy lurch of mankind, memorable enough in its consequences almost to absorb history by its details. When later generations, wholly free from its influences, come to study it, it seems to be a riot of unreason.

In the first Crusade three hundred thousand men, women and children left their homes and kindred and marched toward Jerusalem through hostile and desert lands, enduring the most grievous toils, privations and sufferings, and strewing their bones and unburied bodies all along the route. They had sold out their possessions, given up their lands, turned their backs on their country, and started by unknown and devious ways toward a city of whose geographical situation even they were entirely ignorant. This great company of human beings was set in motion not by their reason, but by the harangues of an ignorant monk, ill-looking, low of stature, half crazed, of whom history afterward took so little account as to forget how or where or when he died.

Of course it is not to be disputed that many causes contributed to this result, that, at another time, Peter the Hermit would have preached in vain; but the wonder is that the human race, endowed with reason, could ever have been in such condition of feeling as to make the first Crusade, exactly as it was, possible. There were not wanting men who resisted, but sometimes the very men who resisted one day were the craziest of the crazy the next. The ten men who were blind, by mere force of numbers led the one who saw into the very ditch of which his eyesight warned him. It is this influence of mere numbers that seems to be animal. The force of it we all acknowledge. The fact we all acknowledge. Our greatest men we excuse for their failings on the plea of the shortcomings of the age they lived in. We might in justice go a great way farther and excuse the actions of many great men by the unanimity of temporary public folly.

Witchcraft and its Long Reign of Terror

History is full of examples of the tumultuous swarming of men's minds as strange as the swarming of the hosts that marched to the deliverance of the Sacred City. The witch mania was in every way as remarkable. For four centuries that portion of the race of man that believed in Christ was engaged in a fearful contest with the hosts of demons which peopled the earth and filled the air, making havoc alike of the worldly possessions and of the peace of mind of believers. More than twelve generations of men lived and died under the conviction that at any time they might be assailed and overpowered by demon satellites of the Prince of the Power of the Air.

It is not, however, this steady belief which concerns us now so much as the occasional paroxysms and incidents of it. Sometimes people lived as if they had no such faith. At other times on a sudden they would lash themselves into bloodthirsty fury about practices which never existed and never could exist. Reason then became useless. Men refused to follow it. Wise men hid their thoughts and the foolish had their day. It is curious to think what must have been the state of the public mind when, in 1644, Matthew Hopkins, styling himself "Witch-finder General," traveled through four counties in England in great state, at public expense, finding witches and bringing them to the stake, killing as many as sixty in one year. His method was simple. He tied them and put them into a river. If innocent they sank and were drowned; if guilty they floated and were burned. At the end of three years the public mind changed and they tried his own medicine on him. Just what happened is obscure, but the probabilities are that he was innocent and did not float, and so came to an end.

That ebullition of popular frenzy which we call the Salem Witchcraft took place among a people who believed in demonology before the episode and after. For years the belief had caused no more disturbance than the belief in ghosts, but suddenly, at the beck of two or three hysterical girls, the whole colony was thrown into convulsions. Deacons and ministers, the President of Harvard College and Judges of the Supreme Court vied with each other in such persecutions of poor wretches that twenty were put to death and the jails filled with more than two hundred others. How great was the fury we may understand from the fact that the Judge who condemned the first victim was man enough to make public profession two years afterward of his sorrow and repentance, and to set aside for the rest of his life the anniversary of that unhappy day as a day of penitence and atonement. The Jurymen, also, publicly acknowledged themselves carried away of the devil. They were right in part. They were carried out of their senses, but not at all by the devil. However, in those days it was *omne ignotum pro diabolo*. They still believed it was the devil, only they now thought they were his victims as well as the hysterical girls.

The Chronic Credulity of the Business World

But this swarming of mankind is not confined to historical examples. It seems to be a part of every-day life. It is a phenomenon of constant recurrence in financial matters. The business of a nation seems to tread one everlasting round. After a crash and after a spasmodic effort to relieve ourselves in some other way, we set to work, living within our incomes, and by safe investments begin to accumulate, grumbling all the while and longing for the flesh-pots of a speculative Egypt. By and by our accumulations outrun all tried and safe investments and we start out into new and unknown fields. And just here begins our craze, just here wisdom and self-restraint seem to desert us. We are sure to go in a body after something which will not only waste the surplus which we desire to invest, but a good deal of the safe earnings we never meant to disturb.

What the next speculative delusion may be nobody can tell. In 1873 it was railroads, last time it was industrials, the next time it may be balloons. Whatever it is, it will pull us along apparently happy and prosperous until we are landed by another crash upon another hard times. Then we shall spend a few years discussing whether it was the Currency or the Money Power, the Speculators or the Shylocks that did it, and end, if we are wise, in finding that it was human nature that did the most of it after all.

As a race we don't like to work. Unless the sweat of the brow was the necessary precursor of eaten bread there would be very little perspiration except on horses. We would all of us rather swap jackknives than dig potatoes. Hence, when there are accumulations beyond safe and tried means of investment, the tendency is to leave off production and go to swapping. Not that we all leave off, but a good many do; and that, with the waste of misdirected effort, the making of things we do not want and cannot use soon eats up our store and brings us back to work again. Now, although we go over the round twice or thrice every generation, we never recognize any of the landmarks. In the midst of the speculative period we act as if it would last forever and swarm together toward the abyss. At such times reason has no force. All true prophets meet the fate of Cassandra and are without honor in their own country and every other. The fever has to run its course. Nor is this feverish behavior confined to those great crises in monetary affairs which require about twenty years to complete the cycle. It shows itself in similar fashion through shorter intervals. The ups and downs of Wall Street do not bear relation to actual values alone. If they did, life would be calmer, but perhaps less interesting. Human swarming comes in there also. At one time everybody crowds to Wall Street to make purchases and at another time to make sales, while the values may be identical at both times. Nor is the swarming confined to business. Two years ago the bicycle made the streets dangerous, and everybody felt himself unhappy if he was not balancing himself in the midst of danger between two wheels swiftly rotating. Now, the golf links is the only field of honor.

A curious instance of this swarming of mankind was the year of slander known as the year of our Lord 1876. When Congress met in December, 1875, the Independent Press, which, from the nature of its existence, must be chronically critical, since criticism which excites suits all of us who are readers better than praise which cloys, had fully prepared the public mind for the wickedness of Grant's Administration. Committees were instantly set to work, and from that time until August 18, 1876, no scoundrel who had a lie, original or second-hand, no scamp with a grievance need lack transportation to Washington or fame after he got there. Although the investigations were ostensibly secret, somehow or other the blackness of it all dripped into the newspapers and smeared the minds of us all.

Nobody escaped. The public were greedy for news and prompt of belief. The newspapers teemed with accusation and testimony. And yet only one trial was the outcome of it. Hundreds of volumes lie mildewed in Washington, filled with stuff that stirred the indignation of the people, but containing not one proven case that anybody, however inflamed by party zeal, dared bring to the calm scrutiny of a court of justice. The passions and prejudices of that year have entirely subsided, and we should now wonder at the spectacle we then presented as we wonder at the abuse of George Washington, if we had not forgotten all about the whole transaction. This was only a quarter of a century ago, and yet nine out of ten of my readers will puzzle themselves in vain trying to remember anything about it.

Titus Oates and the English Riot of Unreason

Our history is full of just such unreasonable swarmings, and so is the history of every other land. Two hundred years ago England was convulsed by a wild and almost unbelievable fury. A man called Titus Oates, after a life of exposed profligacy, had for his followers the whole English nation. Such a devil's dance was never seen before nor since. At the mercy of this wretch and the associates whom his success created were the lives of hundreds of honest men whose standing and dignity would have been at any other time the sure safeguards of their innocence and acquittal. For nothing has the law of England been so remarkable as for its protection to a man accused of crime. In other countries he has been exposed, unprotected, to all the resources for conviction of skilled prosecutors. In England his rights have been the first care of the law. Yet only two hundred years ago in that land of liberty the most preposterous self-convicting perjury prevailed alike against high character and the clearest proofs of innocence.

To us who look at it from a distance, with all the facts revealed, as time can always reveal them to those who search, it would seem impossible that for two years charges without anything in the nature of support should have produced the same results as honest, straightforward, reliable testimony supported by facts and proofs and documents. During these years the utterers of the most transparent falsehoods were maintained sumptuously at the public expense and surrounded with honors and the outward respect of all. The chief rogue, though imprisoned and beaten with sticks which were meant to kill, survived, had his pension restored, and died at the good old age of eighty-six.

How could such a thing be possible? How could men be so bereft of their undoubted sense? It was simply another one of those periods of the riot of unreason where the animal took possession of the man and a whole nation went back again to the dens and caves of the earth. Was it Sydney Smith who said that a mob was a mob even if made up of

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Editor's Note—This is the seventh paper in a series of articles by Thomas B. Reed. Other papers by Mr. Reed will appear in early issues of The Saturday Evening Post.

bishops? England was at that time a mob. The nation had been roused and frenzied by a combination of circumstances not common in its history. Cromwell's Commonwealth had been too much in advance of the world. His great and powerful mind had alone been strong enough to maintain the nation far above the level of its real thought. When he died England fell from her proud height and was for a time well content with the low level of Charles the Second.

A Trio that Shamed History

But the influence of Cromwell and those whose thoughts he represented was not dead. The divine right of kings had received a shock from which it was never really to recover. Unquestioning loyalty received James the First out of even the alien kingdom of Scotland, but doubt and distrust awaited the possibility of James the Second. Charles was becoming frail and had no children. England, just rescued from Presbyterians and Independents, was terrified at the prospect of Catholic domination. A dim idea was also beginning to dawn upon men of the horrible shame, afterward so clearly revealed, that the nation which, under Cromwell, had held a lofty head among the nations of the world, was but the puppet moved by France—a land hated by every true Islander for long centuries. When, therefore, the Duke of York, next heir to the throne, became a Catholic, the cup of terrible unreasoning terror and dull foreboding was filled to the brim. What might happen none could tell. That nothing could be done but wait was the last and most unendurable addition. The soldier actually fighting drinks delight of battle with his peers, but the soldier under fire and with no chance to return it is either in fear or frenzy, or both. Then, if ever, comes panic, terror and wild alarm.

Upon such a scene as this stepped the Reverend Titus Oates, already thrice or four times disgraced. To him were added Bedloe and Dangerfield, as interesting a trio as ever made history ashamed. Their theme was the great conspiracy of the Roman Catholics to compass the killing of all prominent Protestants and the conversion of the rest, and the renewal of the sway of the Pope. As declared by Daniel De Foe, himself a dissenter, all this fright and panic terror set in when there was not one Catholic in ten in the remotest regions, not one in a hundred in most counties, and not one in a thousand in the city. Judges were frightened into silence on the bench, and statesmen, fearing for their own lives, were vociferous in the Parliament. But at the end of two years the majority came to their senses and mourned over their cowardice and folly as did the Massachusetts judge and jury. Meantime worthy men among the best in England had been put to a shameful death, and more than two thousand had languished in prisons and jails.

The Significance of the French Revolution

It would not be at all just to class with the incidents already mentioned that tremendous phenomenon, the unconscious servant of which was that child of fortune, Napoleon Bonaparte. We call it the French Revolution, but in its origins, which are so fully depicted in the first volume of Louis Blanc's history, and in its results which have filled all histories ever since, it was so far-reaching in all directions that it ought to be called the World's Revolution. That Revolution, as a whole, was no temporary wildness and riot of unreason, but the great proclamation of the rights of man. There were special incidents which might be classed among the examples given, but the whole phenomenon answers no such description.

Of the tendency of mankind to swarm in a state of ungovernable rage, examples might be multiplied to an extent limited only by the patience of readers. Every capital in Europe, from Paris and The Hague to St. Petersburg and Constantinople and Jerusalem, shows its places of the skull, its Golgothas, where the savagery of mankind has burst all bounds, and demonstrate that any nation at certain times may be liable to go wrong suddenly, wildly, not from the result of reasoning, but from something lower, from the animal natures we think ourselves so much above.

The Only Way to Secure Toleration

When such events as have been described assume sufficient proportions they make their own places in history and excite the wonder of the very creatures whose ancestors did the deeds, the like of which they themselves will do under similar provocation. We all believe in tolerance without limit. This is theory. No harm can come of full discussion, we declare. The truth is mighty and can be trusted to prevail. In language this covers everything. In actual life it covers nothing. We are tolerant of all the things we care nothing about, never of anything we are interested in. If you want your opinions tolerated have enough people of your way of thinking to make it uncomfortable for those who desire to be intolerant. Never expect toleration from a crowd which has other views, and has them vividly. If any one shall say, what is the use of dwelling on these lower manifestations of mankind? I answer: much, every way.

Every man who, without cynicism, contemplates the probability of unreasoning outbursts of public opinion and action, helps his own level good sense and diminishes by more than one the very probability he contemplates. We make more progress by owning our faults than by always dwelling on our virtues. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Knowledge of ourselves is its onward march. Mortifying to our pride as a race as are these outbursts of popular fury, it is some consolation to know that, as out of the fire that sweeps the woodlands come the ashes which fertilize the earth for a richer growth, so out of these desolations come some of the elements of future progress. Out of the wrongs of man come the lessons which erect institutions which preserve the rights of man. The martyrs are the seed and the Church is the harvest.

The CRISIS
By George Hibbard

WITHIN a short period—it would not perhaps be defining the time too closely to say within a few years—there came upon this country several weeks of great and threatening financial disturbances. The times had long been "bad," but there was a critical fortnight of momentous importance. Confidence was destroyed. Capital was anxious and afraid. A panic was imminent. It was not only in Wall Street that men held their breath, wondering what the next day, the next hour, might bring; all over the country there was doubt, apprehension, dismay. Everywhere every preparation was made, every resource strained to meet the expected shock. Money was "tight" in a way that had hardly been known before. The banks would not lend, and well-known business men, who were undoubtedly good, were going under, because they were unable to obtain absurdly small sums—small in comparison with the magnitude of their interests—with which to tide over some momentary stress. One failure more and it seemed that the worst would come. One more serious break in the price of some great speculative stock and all must go. It needed but the toppling of the one brick and the whole row would come down.

It was but a short time before this financial reign of terror that Percival Scawen had become a part of the active force of Berners, Garrard and Company. It had been all arranged by old Mr. Tippits, Percy's uncle, and "Sam" Berners one afternoon in the club window. Mr. Tippits had observed, with that fine old gentlemanly pessimism that was peculiar to him, and which was always heightened by his first cocktail, and grew deeper and darker with every succeeding one, that he was condemned if he knew what to do with his nephew. Berners, on the contrary, who was fresh and florid, and amply filled the chair in which he sat, was invariably strengthened in his exuberant optimism by the like means. Therefore he had said in the carelessness of his expansion that Mr. Tippits had better give the young rascal to him. So the matter was settled, and "Percy" Scawen was sent, not unwillingly, into the office of Berners, Garrard and Company to acquire business habits and business instincts.

It must be confessed that he was painfully lacking in any of these, as Berners, Garrard and Company too soon discovered. His life had not been such as to encourage methodical ways and, so far, his only experience had been in spending money, not making it. He had a small income which Mr. Tippits had doled out to him sparingly while he was in college, and for a few years afterward, but for some time he had been at perfect liberty to do what he had pleased with his own.

What he had pleased had not pleased Mr. Tippits. There had not been anything very desperate in the young man's extravagances, but he was a yachtsman—not with longings for palatial steam yachts which were quite beyond his means, but with a distinct liking for fast sailing boats which he could manage very well himself. But even this had cost money, and when Percy had gone in with three others to build a "cup winner," and proposed to go on a "mug-hunting" cruise, Mr. Tippits was naturally alarmed, and did what he could to stop such proceedings. That Percy agreed so readily with his suggestion that he should take the position mentioned was something of a surprise to him, but then Mr. Tippits did not hear *all* the gossip of the clubs.

Juliana Berners was conceded to be a very charming young girl. That she was very pretty was undoubtedly something that logically should not be ascribed to her as a merit, for certainly she had nothing to do with it. But in looking at her the world was apt to forget this and quite unjustifiably to accord it to her as one of her chief virtues. That she was exemplary in her conduct would undoubtedly be a very just reason for granting her admiration, seeing that her own conduct was entirely under her own control. But then, as it happened, she was not exemplary to any very perceptible extent, for the way she flirted was almost beyond precedent. Still such is the inconsistency of the world, that after bestowing its approval when it was unearned it did not withdraw it when it was undeserved. Thus it will be clearly seen that there was no possible excuse for the very extravagant things that were always said and thought about Juliana.

This view of the matter, however, had not occurred to Percy Scawen, for to him she seemed absolutely perfect. He never stopped to consider whether she was responsible for her prettiness or not. She was very pretty indeed, and that was enough for him, or rather, to be strictly accurate, was altogether too much for him. As for her flirting—why, the most of it—not quite all of it, alas—was done with him, which made it quite different. But, in truth, everything had run along very smoothly. "Sam" Berners, the great and good-natured financier, had liked Scawen, and had fully made up his mind to give his consent to Percy's marriage with his daughter when it should be asked, and as Juliana had no living female relatives, this was all there was of it.

But one day Percy was seized with an idea of his own unworthiness, and an ambition had grown within him to deserve and "win" his Juliana. Young men who are very much in love are frequently attacked with such fancies, and Percy was certainly very much in love. He became disgusted with the idle life he was leading, longed to do something, and it was at this time of doubt and dismay that Mr. Tippits had insidiously approached him with the suggestion that he should "go into" Berners, Garrard and Company. Scawen jumped at it. He would prove to Juliana's father that there was something in him. He even had heroic fancies in which he secretly cherished a picture of himself as winning a distinction—not specified—on a battlefield—not localized—under the eyes of his commander, who was always represented as the famous and florid financier. But as he was here called upon to imagine that personage in the plumed hat of a field marshal, the image was broken, the illusion destroyed, and he said nothing to Juliana about such aspirations, which perhaps was just as well, as she would most assuredly have laughed at him. So Scawen went into Berners, Garrard and Company and did his best.

DRAWN BY E. CHASE EMERSON

"DON'T MAKE IT DOUBTFUL," HE BEGGED

As has been said, Percy had been thus employed for only a short time, but already the results of his action had begun to be manifest. At first he could hardly believe what he saw, but gradually the facts became too unmistakable to be overlooked. Berners had always been kind to him and cordial, but now Percy noticed an alteration in his manner. For some time he did not mention his discovery to Juliana, but one afternoon he suddenly burst forth.

"Why—why did I ever go into the office?" he wailed. "Your father used to think I was a decent enough sort of harmless fellow, and everything was all right, but now——"

"But now," said Juliana anxiously.

"I believe he thinks I'm a driveling idiot, with hardly brain enough to stick on postage stamps. You should see the way he looks at me——"

"Oh," exclaimed Juliana, "perhaps that is why——"

"Has he been abusing me?" broke in Percy. "No doubt. He thinks I'm good for nothing, now that he's seen me

down there where I don't belong. I thought there might be some chance once—that he'd perhaps consent to let me marry you," Percy murmured, "but now I know I haven't the faintest ghost of a show in the world."

"He did ask me the other day if I didn't see you very often," Juliana admitted.

"That's it," Scawen exclaimed desperately. "The next thing will be that he will forbid my seeing you altogether."

"And," continued Juliana thoughtfully, "I remember now that he said something about not being able to realize how worthless the young men of the present day were until you tried them."

"There," continued Percy helplessly, "you see how it is. I have ruined myself with him. If I had been contented to go on as I was doing he would have thought that I was all right, but this accursed ambition of mine has played the mischief with me. He has found me out," he concluded helplessly, "and it's all up."

"Couldn't you do something," suggested Juliana anxiously, "to reinstate yourself—to bring him to believe in you—to make him think better of you than he did before?"

"You don't know what you're saying," replied Percy, shaking his head despondently, "just as I didn't know what I was doing when I went into this. I supposed that a common humanity made people able at least to understand any state of existence, but I tell you a business life's different. Perhaps there isn't anything in it common to humanity. I don't know. Anyway, it's worse for me than being dropped in a foreign country where I don't know the customs, can't speak the language, and seem to have a hereditary feud with all the inhabitants. Send me to Mars or Jupiter and tell me to distinguish myself. I might, but," and Percy again shook his head dolefully, "don't ask me to do anything in a business community."

"What is the matter?" asked Juliana solicitously.

"Every one seems to know all about me—to wonder what I am doing out of the club, and only curious as to why in the name of the evil one I don't go back there and stay there."

"You must show them that they are wrong."

"And just at this time, too," continued Percy, "I do not quite understand what it is, but something seems to be the matter. Every man is in a hurry, even when there is not the least reason for it, and jumps a foot if you speak to him suddenly."

"Papa told me the other day," said Juliana, "that the state of the country was very precarious."

"If it gets much worse," mused Percy, "their tempers won't stand it."

"But, Percy," said Juliana slowly, "you mustn't blame papa; he has a great deal to make him nervous."

"What?"

"I don't think it can make any difference if I tell *you*," she almost whispered, after looking carefully around. "But there is a huge scheme in which papa is interested and which he wants to carry through. I don't know what it is exactly, but there are millions and millions involved, and, of course, he is anxious."

"I wonder if that is what they mean," said Percy.

"What?" she asked.

"Their talk about a 'disturbing influence,' a 'hidden cause,' an 'unknown quantity' that is at work."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit," said Juliana. "Papa is certainly not at all himself."

It was with a very heavy heart that Percy, on the following morning, made his way down town. It had been his custom since he had been a business man to walk briskly down Fifth Avenue, cross Washington Square, and, mounting to the "Elevated" at Bleeker Street, betake himself to the offices of Berners, Garrard and Company. In the first days of his experience he had strode along sharply in the morning procession, distancing the veterans who were getting their exercise before settling down for the day's work and passing even those of his own age and experience. But gradually his steps had begun to lag—the most venerable millionaire kept ahead of him—and, finally, on this particular morning he dragged along at a very inactive pace.

He was oppressed with the idea that something unpleasant was going to happen. As he glanced at those whom he knew, he saw little in their countenances that helped cheer him up. A threatened panic in Wall Street soon makes itself known in the aspect of the town, and in many faces Scawen read doubt and dismay. Financially he was aware that he had little to fear, for what money he had came from real estate upon long lease, and his own prospects could be little affected. Still, the consternation that he felt was general, communicated itself to him, and heightened the feeling of apprehension that mastered him. Even the brightness of the early summer day in Washington Square did not raise his spirits, and dolefully enough he walked up the steps to the elevated station. In the car two old gentlemen were talking very mysteriously. Although their tones were low, Percy was so near that he could not help hearing the greater part of what they said.

"It has all centred about that particular stock," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "it's the test."

"That's the critical point. If Z. and N. should break, then everything would go."

"But will it?" said the other anxiously. "It seems to have unlimited support."

"It's too much for any one person or any combination to carry through in these times," answered the first, frowning grimly.

"I don't know," said the other; "whoever has been doing it so far seems to have plenty of pluck and I hope he can hold his own."

"So do I," said the first devoutly. "I tell you the financial prosperity of the country depends on it."

Scawen left the train, his ill-defined fears rather increased than diminished. Nor was the aspect of the offices one to quiet his distressed spirit. What the difference was it would be hard to say, but there was a difference. In every face there was an evident restless expectation of something that was most disturbing. Percy sat down at the desk that had been given to him, and, as he had nothing to do, did it. But he was not allowed to remain long in suspense. Almost immediately a messenger informed him that Mr. Garrard would like to speak to him. Percy at once obeyed the summons and entered Mr. Garrard's private office.

The position held by Mr. Garrard in the firm was apparently at times one of singular prominence. Then it seemed that his was the preponderating influence—that his will ruled, that his word was law—but this was not always the case, and it was noticed by the observant that this only happened when it was necessary that something unpleasant should be done. On such occasions "Sam" Berners affirmed that no matter how much he might wish it, that he could do nothing with his associate; at such times Mr. Garrard boldly stated that he felt obliged to disregard Mr. Berners' best-known wishes, and act according to his own judgment.

"Mr. Scawen," he now said, "I very much regret that it is necessary for me to speak as I must. Indeed, I have hesitated some time, but"—he coughed slightly—"I cannot see that it will be advantageous for either of us to have this go on. We derive no good from such an arrangement, nor do I believe that you do. I must beg that you will consider your connection with us closed."

"I'm turned out," said Percy briefly.

"The arrangement does not seem to be all that it promised," said Mr. Garrard coldly. "Mr. Berners has said much, but he cannot make me see it in a different light, and in this instance I fear that I must go against his particular desire. You are no use here, and, indeed, your ignorance of business methods is most demoralizing—has a most harmful effect upon the others in our employ."

"Very well," said Percy, "I'll go."

"At Mr. Berners' request," continued the other, "I long refrained from taking this step, but I really can delay no longer," and as Percy left the office, Mr. Garrard followed him. "I hope that you will derive some advantage, Mr. Scawen, from your very brief experience of business life."

But Scawen had gone out and shut the door.

"The old beggar," Percy said that afternoon when he recounted the interview to Juliana; "he talked just as if he thought I didn't know that he was doing exactly what he was told to do, and as if I believed he really had some voice in the matter."

"You think it was papa sent you away?" asked Juliana apprehensively.

"Sure of it," asserted Scawen. "Every one knows that old Garrard's nothing but a stalking-horse."

"Papa," said Juliana, "is fearfully disturbed. He walked up and down the library all last evening, and I don't believe he went to bed all night. I have found out what it is. There is a stock——"

"Z. and N.," said Scawen quickly.

"Yes," she answered, "whatever that means," and she added admiringly, "but how did you know?"

"Never mind," he replied quickly; "the security of the country depends on it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, much impressed.

"If it breaks, everything will go," he said.

"And papa thinks that you don't know anything about business," she said with reproachful wonder. "Well, it seems that he has got the whole weight of it on him. He had to talk to some one last night, and so he talked to me," she hurried on. "I know I ought not to tell, but you don't count. One of the family"—a sudden heavy blush spread across her face—"that is, almost one, perhaps."

"Don't make it doubtful," he begged.

"You know what I mean," she said swiftly, "of course. You interrupt me so foolishly. Papa has been carried along—gone in deeper and deeper—and now is in altogether, Percy," she said, "we may be poor."

"I've got something," he replied.

"That may be all then, dear, if this doesn't come out right. And—and there's more danger. There is another man—a bear."

"You don't like him?" said Scawen.

"I don't mean it that way," she retorted contemptuously. "I mean, in a business way."

"Oh," he said humbly, "you remember that you have such a way of calling people animals——"

"But I'm serious now," she responded, "and you do make it so difficult for me to tell you. Papa is in an awful position. He has to keep up the price of Z. and N. or he is ruined. And he could if it were not for Mr. Scrice."

"David Scrice!" cried Percy in amazement.

"That may be his first name," said Juliana.

"David Scrice," repeated Percy slowly; "that is serious."

He had been long enough in the "Street" to have that name mean a great deal. Had he not heard men, great in the financial world, almost whisper it in their awe? And did not all live in terror of its owner? Great as "Sam" Berners was, David Scrice was much greater, richer, more experienced, and plenteously endowed with that wizard-like reputation that a great and successful operator gradually acquires. A superstitious assurance of his certain success in all he undertook had gradually mastered his associates, and any one who opposed him seemed to them foredoomed. And Percy felt the full force of this presentiment.

"You don't know what that means," he went on. "He can do anything."

"Then everything is lost," said Juliana helplessly, "and we—no," she continued, "I won't believe it. I won't believe it. It must come out right. Papa told me that what Mr. Scrice was doing was horrible—trying to bring ruin on all the country—just so that he could make money out of it—though how he could do that I don't see."

"He knows," said Percy ominously. "But tell me all you can about it—everything he said."

"He was with papa in this until just now, but papa seems suspicious and doesn't know what he'll do."

"Things are in a bad way everywhere, and every one is anxious," said Percy, remembering the pale, set faces he had seen in the afternoon. "There isn't anything to do except to wait and grin. I don't know enough to do anything, and I shan't be in the office after to-morrow."

"Papa says that to-morrow is the crisis," Juliana went on. "If Mr. Scrice turns traitor there will be a panic, papa will lose his fortune, and the consequence to the country will be fearful. Thousands will be ruined, and it will need years to bring back prosperity again."

"The little beggar ought to be hung!" exclaimed Percy energetically.

Even before he had reached the office the next morning Scawen noticed that the excitement had increased. Another day had only given another twist to affairs, and the tension was tighter. The crowds in the street were larger and more shifting—coming together and breaking up with more rapidity. The noise was greater—a broken tumult, the result of the feverish activity. The careless morning greetings were shortened, and no man paused with another for an idle chat. Such words as were spoken came sharply, nervously, and were generally short questions and merely monosyllabic answers. Several whom Scawen knew very well passed him without recognizing him, and one or two almost ran him down in their haste.

There was a strange feeling of unrest. The very air seemed charged with some new quality at the same time exciting and depressing. A fear of coming disaster had attacked all men, and the common terror seizing the masses made any rout and panic possible and only too probable.

Although Percy knew so little of the detail of the situation, a sympathetic fear seized him, and, excited and bewildered, he entered the offices and approached his desk. There, too, all was different. Discipline was relaxed, and nobody except one old, gray-headed, withered clerk, who had lived through many flurries and furies, was doing anything. In fact, very few of the clerks were there, many in the sudden emergency having been dispatched by Garrard on unexpected messages.

A certain middle-aged employee with whom Percy had struck up something of a friendship spoke to him as he passed swiftly out.

"I tell you," said he, "I've been here since I was a boy and I've never seen a day open like this. Old Garrard's beside himself, and Mr. Berners hasn't come yet."

"I should think he'd be on hand early at such a time," said Percy.

"So should I," replied the man as he hurried away. "He's needed badly enough, but he's not here, and it's near the time of opening."

Percy had hardly sat down when Garrard looked from his room, and called to the only person left in the place—the venerable bookkeeper.

"I wish you would go at once to Mr. Packard, in Nassau Street, and tell him I should like to see him immediately."

The man arose as quickly as his old bones would permit him to do, and Percy was left entirely alone. From outside came a dull murmur of voices, and the hurried, unending, increasing sound of tramping feet. Scawen felt himself drawn more and more into the fierce agitation of the moment. The madness was contagious, and he could not sit still. He arose and paced up and down the empty office. Again Garrard's head appeared at the door.

"Oh, it's you," he said slowly; then he added quickly, "Have you seen anything of Mr. Berners?"

"Not to-day," said Percy.

"Well," replied Garrard snappishly, "did you think I meant last week? Why doesn't he come?"

As Percy was wholly unable to furnish any information, he remained silent.

"I can't act without him, and something must be done."

On an ordinary occasion Percy was the last person in the world to whom Garrard would have confided any difficulty, but at such a time no rules held. It was like a shipwreck, a fire—positions were altered, dignities were forgotten.

"He's got to come," continued Garrard impatiently.

"Perhaps he's been detained," suggested Percy idiotically—as he felt at once.

"A man whose whole fortune's at stake," said Garrard, "and who's carrying market, too, doesn't have anything that's more important."

In the stillness of the offices the exceptional turmoil in the street was strangely noticeable.

"You hear what's going on?" said Garrard feverishly.

The windows, which were in the first story, were open, and, as Percy listened, the monotonous noise of the street was suddenly broken by a new sound—one rather unusual in that place—the rapid rumble of wheels over the stones. The clatter grew louder, and it was clear that a carriage had suddenly drawn up before the building.

"That must be he," said Percy.

The big door swung open and with a rush some one entered. But it was not Berners—but Juliana, flushed and breathless, who came in. She sped across the floor and stood with her hand on her heart before the two men.

"Mr. Garrard," she gasped, "papa had an accident getting into the brougham this morning. The horses started, and his leg is broken. He can't stir, and he told me to come and tell you and give you this."

Garrard seized the note, tore it open and seemed to read the lines at one glance.

"I must do what I can," he cried. "We've got to keep this thing going and I must get money. Berners has found out from one of Scrice's fellows that he's thrown us over and we must be ready to meet him." Garrard paused, his hat on his head. "You stay here."

He had spoken the last words at the door and was already gone.

"Percy," cried Juliana excitedly, "isn't it awful?"

"Pretty bad," he answered ruefully.

"What can we do?" she said.

"Nothing," he replied; "but it's a queer fate that leaves us in command at such a time. See," he said, pointing through the door of the private office to the dark depths of the huge vaults, the massive door of which stood widely open, "even the safe isn't shut."

"Now would be the time," she said in a low voice, "for you to show papa that he was mistaken."

"Yes," replied Percy, "there's no doubt about the time; it's the doing it. The hour comes oftener than the man in history, and I'm afraid even if the moment has come the man hasn't."

"I won't believe that," she said adoringly. "I believe that you could do anything."

"As far as I can see, the important thing," mused Percy, "is to gain time."

"Yes, yes," said Juliana, "that's what papa told me. He said that if he could only get safely over to-day he would be all right. That Mr. Scrice's betrayal has weakened him, but that in twenty-four hours he could fix everything."

"The question is how to gain twenty-four hours."

"Yes," she said.

Percy glanced up at the big clock. The hands, racing on, had reached a position indicating five minutes to one. Going to the stand where the "ticker" slowly wound out its snaky coil, he glanced at the changing figures.

"Z. and N. has lost nine points," he said.

"Is that bad?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily.

"Another point off," he said, after a pause of intense absorption.

"Can't they stop it?" asked Juliana.

"There isn't any way unless we buy, or Scrice stops selling."

"Why don't we buy?"

"Mr. Garrard hasn't the means, probably."

"And won't he stop selling?"

"I'm afraid there's no way of making him," said Percy, picking up the thin slip. "Another drop."

Slowly the minutes passed as Scawen watched the stock in its downward course—point by point—until the figure which all must remember was almost reached. Other stocks, too, were affected, and Z. and N. was dragging all down with it into dire destruction.

"If it goes a point or two more," groaned Percy, "it can never recover—I know enough to know that—and all will be up."

He had hardly finished speaking when the main door was quickly opened.

"Who is it?" asked Juliana.

"Scrice," whispered Percy in an amazed tone. "Scrice himself."

A small, wiry, active man hustled into the room where the two had betaken themselves.

"Mr. Berners?" snapped the straight, thin mouth.

"Not down this morning," answered Percy affably.

"Not down!" ejaculated Scrice in evident astonishment, but then, as if time were too precious to be lost in idle surprise, he jerked out: "Mr. Garrard?"

"Just stepped out."

"Well, who is here?" asked Scrice.

"I am," said Percy modestly.

Scrice glanced at him and then at Juliana uncertainly.

"Most remarkable!" he said half to himself; "I really can't understand." He hesitated. "Of course you are not in a position to know about anything," he went on. "Mr. Berners and I are connected in some transactions, and it is important I should have certain papers at once. They are in the safe."

Scrice took a step toward the open vault. Instantly Percy had thrown himself before the open door.

"You want them, Mr. Scrice?" he said.

"Yes," replied the little man; "I must have them at once."

"I don't know about that," said Percy boldly.

Juliana, who was watching the scene with parted lips, wide-open eyes and quickly coming breath, stood motionless.

"Don't know," stuttered the small man, "don't know! I tell you my connection with Mr. Berners gives me a right to them."

"Perhaps it *did*," said Percy, and Juliana gazed upon him in fascinated wonder, "but I don't know that it does."

"What do you mean?" cried Scrice.

"If I am not mistaken, Mr. Berners has learned some things that make a difference," Scawen continued.

"I don't know what you mean," Scrice said, "and I haven't time to discuss it. I must have the papers at once."

He advanced a step farther, but Percy did not stir.

"You can't," he replied firmly.

"Get out of my way," sputtered Scrice furiously. "Young man, I haven't any time to lose."

"I know," said Percy. "I can read it all there," continued Percy, pointing to the tickers; "Z. and N. is falling, and every stock with it."

Scrice jumped to the instrument, and was drawing the ribbon through his fingers.

"It isn't!" he cried with a short oath; "it's rising; it's risen three points while I've been gone."

He turned to go.

"Mr. Scrice," said Percy firmly, as he laid his hand on the other's arm, "do I understand that you are going back on the floor?"

"I'm going about my business," said the enraged man, "and if you have any you'd better go about yours."

"My business," said Percy quietly, "just now is right here. You say the market is rising; if you go your action will cause it to fall—how far I do not know, but far enough financially to destroy very many—to give a serious blow to the prosperity of the country."

"Let go my arm!"

"Not until you promise that you will not bring on this disaster."

"Let me go!" screamed the little man, jumping up and down in his passion.

"Not just yet."

"What are you going to do?" demanded Scrice angrily.

DRAWN BY C. CHASE EMERSON

"I'LL SHOW YOU," SAID SCAWEN QUICKLY

"Keep you here," Percy responded with steady decision.

Juliana, looking on, clasped her hands and uttered a quick exclamation.

"Keep me here?" stammered the infuriated man. "Don't you know that we are only a few feet from the street—that the windows are open—that I have only to call?"

Percy stood embarrassed and silent. What Scrice said was only too true, and he felt helpless, baffled, desperate.

"What are you going to do now?" sneered the little man triumphantly.

"I'll show you," said Scawen quickly, as he picked up the struggling millionaire in his arms.

Percy's education had certainly not been such as to fit him for Wall Street upon any ordinary occasion, but much hauling at ropes and steering on stormy seas had given him firm muscles, and Scrice was absolutely helpless. Swiftly Percy bore him across the room to where the safe stood open, gently put him down within the vault, and, before the astonished man could make the slightest movement, had shut the massive door upon him. Turning, he locked it and stood leaning with his back against it, gazing at the frightened girl before him.

"Percy," cried Juliana, "what have you done?"

"I don't quite know," he answered desperately, "but it seemed the only thing to do, and I hope it's all right."

At that moment one of the clerks entered the office.

"I say, Hawkins," called Percy hurriedly, "go as quick as you can and find Mr. Garrard. Say to him that it is all right. He may act just as if nothing had happened and Mr. Berners were here."

"I don't understand," said the man.

"It isn't necessary," replied Percy. "Go and do what I say. There isn't a moment to lose."

"All right, sir," said the man, moved to obedience by the short, sharp words of decisive command, words spoken with a force that had brought quick action for Scawen in many a critical moment when the big sails were bellying above and the waves rushing by below, and something had to be done instantly upon which the winning of a race depended.

"How will it end?" Juliana asked almost in a whisper, as the man hurried out.

"I don't know," Scawen answered doggedly. "Something had to be done."

"But won't it hurt him?" gasped the girl; "won't he suffocate?"

"No danger of that," Percy replied. "The place is as big as a room, and there's air enough to keep him for any decent time."

"I can't hear anything," she continued in increasing terror.

"You couldn't hear a pistol shot through those doors, much less a man's voice. He's safe for the present. And if time's all that's needed, we've got it."

The next were anxious moments for the two as they stood hardly daring to move. The noises of the active street appeared terrifyingly near, and it seemed that something must happen. But all was quiet within the deserted offices. The sunlight fell brightly on polished wood and gleaming brass; still its calm radiance was without quieting effect upon the two conspirators. Scawen walked the floor, his hands cold and his brow feverish, while Juliana sat with her heart beating as it had never beat before in her short life.

"Hadn't you better let him out?" she said as time passed.

"Not yet," replied Percy. "See, the market is only holding its own. There would be a chance to set all back before closing."

As he spoke two excited men opened the office door and rushed madly into the private room.

"Mr. Berners, or Mr. Garrard?" they exclaimed together.

"Not here just now," said Percy promptly.

"Do you know where they are?"

"Mr. Berners is at his house, but about Mr. Garrard I know nothing."

"Can he be with either of them?" said one of the men to the other.

"Impossible," he replied, and then he turned to Percy. "Mr. Scrice left us a short time ago to come here to see Mr. Berners and Mr. Garrard. Have you seen him?"

"Yes," said Percy.

"He came here?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Percy.

"But you must. We are associated with him," said both. "It is most important."

"I cannot tell you," repeated Percy decidedly, "and if you are connected with him I tell you that you might as well hold on in what you are doing."

"That's all bluff," said one impatiently, and the two hurried out of the office as rapidly as they had come in.

"It won't be much longer," said Percy, glancing at the clock as he resumed his walk.

Again the outer door swung hurriedly open, and this time Garrard entered breathless.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened? They've failed in their raid altogether. It all seemed to weaken and go to pieces in a moment."

"Yes," said Percy; "Scrice wasn't able to be there to help."

"Wasn't able to be there!" exclaimed Garrard. "What was the matter? Where was he?"

"Shut up in there," said Percy, pointing to the door of the safe, "where he is now."

Garrard sat down abruptly in the nearest chair.

"*Now*," cried Juliana, coming forward, "don't you think that Percy is good for something? Hasn't he proved you were wrong?"

"He has saved the country," answered Garrard slowly.

It has always been a financial mystery why there was not a panic on that particular day, and the commercial world has never known what saved it from impending destruction. It has also always been a matter of surprise at the club that "Sam" Berners, after abusing Scawen as he had fallen into the habit of doing, should so soon have accepted him as his son-in-law, and should ever afterward have spoken of him with such extravagant and unqualified praise.

Grant Allen's Sense of Justice

MRS. GRANT ALLEN, wife of the late author, Grant Allen, will open a book store in Hanover Square, London, in the interest of bookmaking. Mrs. Allen was devoted to her husband, and her writings upon his life and work, upon which she is laboring, will be a valuable addition to the data already in print of this many-sided man.

A peculiar incident concerning one of Mr. Allen's scientific articles illustrated his nearness to his animal friends. He had written a paper upon insects and bugs and sent it to his publisher. In it he minutely described both the bad and good sides of his subjects. Several days after he had dispatched the manuscript he wrote to the publisher:

"Return at once proofs of chapter on bugs. I have found out that I have done one of them an injustice. I dreamt about him all one night after I mailed the matter to you, and he looked at me with reproachful eyes and said I had made him out worse than he was. In looking up his history from a later source I have found out that he was right."

How Trusts Affect Trade

By J. Harry Selz

IN A RECENT number of The Saturday Evening Post there appeared a plausible and skillful argument on behalf of the trust; an article most interesting in every detail and one that must have set every reader thinking on this most important subject. In attempting to present something of the other side of this question I shall not hope to command the theoretical forces of the problem with the masterful ability of the writer of the previous article. Instead, I will willingly concede at the outset that if "trusts," "business combinations," "corporate consolidations," or whatever we prefer to call these aggregations of industrial and capitalistic enterprise, were half so beneficent in practice as they appear in the eyes of the clever writer above referred to, this modern phase of business would deserve to be received as one of the best fruits of nineteenth century civilization. More than this, I will concede that it is the intention of that class of "captains of industry" represented by the eminent gentleman who wrote the previous article, to operate their vast interests in a manner to benefit the shareholder, the jobber, the wholesaler, the consumer and the employee.

How the Trust Works Out in Practice

This brings us to the main issue: Does the trust work out in actual practice the legitimate and beneficial results implied in the plans upon which it was originally shaped? My experience and observation are to the contrary. It seems to me that this gentleman speaks of the trust as it should be, not as it is. We must come back to the logic of existing conditions, so often enforced by the old rector of Sevenoaks, in that "We must take things as they air."

It is my profound conviction that no trust ever organized has actually been operated upon as fair and as unoppressive lines as its founders intended. It is not in the nature of things that it should be otherwise. The defect is inherent in the very constitution of the trust. In attempting to point out some of the dangers and defects of the trust system, I wish to be clearly understood as considering the subject from the standpoint of the merchant.

Not the greatest, but still a very important menace to the public good is the power of the trust, if so disposed, corruptly to influence legislation. The "sugar scandal" at the National Capital is too fresh in the minds of the people to require a further array of cases in point. So universal is the recognition of the fact that an extensive "lobby" of high-priced men is maintained at Washington by the trusts that I do not feel it necessary to offer definite instances in proof of that statement. That much, I am sure, will be taken for granted. These "attorneys" are the ablest in the country. Most of them have held high political positions and all are familiar with the currents, rocks and shoals of "business legislation" and "practical politics."

The Edicts of the Third House

It is not easy for the outsider to realize the extent of this "Third House," much less to grasp an understanding of its power. But the trusts have a keen realization of this influence and pick the men who represent them to do their work so quietly, so secretly, that their names are never on the lips of local gossipers, nor their figures pointed out to visitors by resident office-holders as "big lobby men." There is nothing spectacular in their appearance. They know their business and perform it with a skill and power which makes resistance almost impossible.

This might result in a general debauching of the legislators, to the despoiling of the people's rights and interests. The honest testimony of any man who has had an opportunity to see the inside of business legislation in Washington will sustain the possibility of this ever-increasing danger. The opportunity presented for the debauching of the public conscience is so flagrant that it simply appalls any man of good, sound business morals. How is this growing power of the trust to be curtailed? The remedy most frequently suggested is that the protective duty be removed from all articles made by any trust or combination. This measure seems very unlikely of adoption, for the reason that the trusts are heavy contributors to the campaign funds of both the political parties. The managers of the great combinations are too shrewd to put all their eggs in one basket.

The Fraud of Water Ballast

A prevailing evil of the trust is the fraud practiced on the investor by means of over-capitalization. Personally I am not a believer in the principles of paternalism and am slow to favor the interference on the part of the Government in a matter of this kind. However, as trusts appear to be the order of the day, and as National and State Governments have passed wise legislation for the protection of depositors in chartered banks, the same action seems to be equally in order for the protection of investors.

In laws compelling the fullest and most exact publicity of the affairs of trusts and combinations is the greatest safety to be found. The vital facts which a prospective investor should know concerning a corporation or a trust are: the extent of its capitalization and to what the capital is applied; its actual earnings or losses and its distribution in dividends and to accumulated funds. A Federal law compelling the periodical publication of a sworn statement giving all these facts in full detail would be very effective. It should make a false statement or a failure to comply with its provisions punishable with imprisonment as well as a heavy fine. Moreover, it should be required that these statements be sworn to by all the members of the board of directors. This seems to me an important detail. No board of responsible directors is sufficiently unscrupulous to perjure itself.

Provision should also be made for an official examination of books and accounts, this work to be done after the manner of the supervision now exercised by bank examiners over State and National banks. The law recognizes the weakness of human nature and tries to protect it against the gambling den, the pool-room and the lottery. Now, if the stock exchanges do not arise to equal enlightenment, why should not the law step in and protect the investor against fraud?

The Loss of Individual Initiative

Whenever a manufacturing plant becomes the property of a trust or combination, a change takes place in the spirit of the men, particularly of the young men, in its employ. The hope of securing a proprietary interest is gone and with it the ambition it inspires. From the manager to the cheapest laborer, all who are actively identified with the work of the trust are employees. To be sure, some of them command imposing salaries, but there is no escaping the uninspiring consideration that they are servants and must remain servants, doing the bidding of a "board," of an impersonal master. There is little in this prospect to fire the ambition of the typical American, who loves personal liberty and independence, and who would prefer to be his own master and the proprietor of a humble enterprise expressing his own individuality than to hold a position of large responsibility and limited authority in the service of a combination.

The loss of individuality is very frequently apparent to the merchant who deals with a trust. Formerly, when there were individual companies, he dealt with a principal: now he deals with a board of directors, or with some individual who is controlled by this board, and to whom all questions of importance must again be referred before action can be taken on them. Trusts are impersonal; no one person is given full power to act. They prove the truth of the late Lord Beaconsfield's famous remark when he spoke of a "soulless corporation which had neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned." This also results in red-tape rules, sometimes autocratically enforced, causing vexatious delays, both obnoxious and galling to the energetic merchant.

The Inevitable Squeeze of Labor Interests

The advocates and makers of trusts have said much on the effects of combination upon labor, but I cannot agree with their statements and arguments. All their utterances have been from the standpoint of their own companies. Generally the iron and steel business is the one to which they point by way of illustration and proof of the statement that a combination has increased instead of reduced the price of labor. Let this be granted, for sake of argument. How about scores of other industries? Apply the inquiry to the shoe business.

Material, machinery and labor are the three things which enter into the cost of a shoe. The conditions governing the first two elements largely dominate the third. If materials and machinery are high, the chances are that the cost of the labor will be the first to be depressed in order to give the shoe manufacturer any profit. What is the actual situation? The materials used in the manufacture of shoes are practically controlled by a trust. The competition of the independent companies in this line amounts to very little, and the result is that all manufacturers who have good credit must pay the same price for materials, irrespective of the amount purchased.

Most machines for the making of shoes are in the control of a trust and are rented, not sold. The initial payment on a machine is usually more than its total cost, and a royalty must also be paid for every pair of shoes produced. These two elements entering into the cost of a shoe are obtainable only on a closed market and are not subject to competition, to the ordinary laws of supply and demand. This leaves labor only to be had on the open market, subject to competition. What is the result? Labor, having a flexible price, must bear the burden of the two elements having an arbitrary price. There must be flexibility somewhere, and therefore the compression which would naturally be distributed over the three elements must be borne by the third alone. Inevitably labor is the sufferer from these conditions, which are the direct result of combination in materials and machinery.

Paring the Corners Off the Wage List

Here is the course which the shoe manufacturer runs in buying on a closed market and selling on an open market: competition at first compels each manufacturer to sell at the lowest margin of profit; then he strives to increase the value of the shoe without increasing its price. This may be by way of improving the style and appearance of the product or actually putting better material into it. One maker, however, does not get far in advance of another on these points. Each advantage scored is quickly taken up and met by competitors. This brings matters into very close quarters, and the shrewd shoe manufacturer finds that the inflexibility of the price of materials and machinery force him to the question: "Can I take a shaving off the labor end of this dilemma and thus score a point over my competitors?"

Quickly he comes to the conclusion that this can be done. At first there is no reduction in the price of labor or increase in hours, but a sharper crowding in the demands under existing hours and wages. High pressure in every department at length actually results in a reduction of the cost of a shoe. This enables the manufacturer to undersell his competitor by just so much and the latter becomes bewildered. Knowing that the cost of materials and machinery is the same to all, the unscrupulous competitor recognizes that the advantage scored by the first manufacturer must be in reducing the cost of labor. Then follows a more drastic effort in this field. What the first manufacturer accomplished by "good management" the latter achieves by a direct cut in wages. This precipitates a general reduction of wages, directly due to the rule of combination prices.

Why this movement has not become general is due to the fact that this country has had a season of remarkable prosperity ever since trusts became the order of the day. When the next period of financial contraction begins to appear there will be altogether too clear a proof of this summary of the effects of the trusts upon labor. Not always will the Kansas farmer take down his shotgun in order to compel his creditors to accept payment of a note previous to its maturity for the purpose of saving interest. When the awakening comes, the trusts will make their weight felt upon the whole body of labor.

Jobbers Between Two Fires

The shoe manufacturer and jobber today has to deal with ten different trusts and combinations. In other words, as I have already indicated, he is obliged to buy on a closed market where there is no competition, and sell on an open market where competition is keen and severe. There can be but one result from conditions of this character: the weaker house goes to the wall.

Some trusts are engaged in selling a manufactured article which in turn is sold by the jobber, the jobber being asked to sign a contract that he will not sell the goods below a stipulated price. In other words, he is forced to pay an arbitrary price for his goods, but he is not allowed to make his own price in selling. This combination of limitations, growing out of trust methods, places the jobber at a greater disadvantage than he would be as a mere distributing agent. In the latter capacity he would be at liberty to return all unsold goods, but as a jobber, dealing with a trust, he must make his return on the goods whether he sells them or not, he cannot sell them below a stipulated price, and he cannot get them unless he agrees to that price; either this or he is placed where he must choose between the two evils of having no control over the selling price of his goods, or he must sell them without profit, owing to the unrestricted competition which is sure to follow the carrying of the same goods on the part of his competitors in all other jobbing centres. Both these expedients have been and are still being constantly tested, and neither is found satisfactory. When the jobber has arisen in rebellion against this arbitrary control of his business he has found a "branch store" opened in his territory, and this speedily brought him to terms.

Before the days of trusts and combinations, the individual companies for which the jobber acted as agent had their own particular brand of goods. Each manufacturer took a personal pride in maintaining the standard of his own brands, and this certainly had a direct and strong influence in stimulating the maintenance of high quality in almost every line of goods. The jobber worked hard to push a certain brand and the manufacturer reciprocated by keeping up the quality and making close prices. Under the combination system all this is changed, the brand loses its individuality, the spur of competition is gone, and prices are arbitrary.

The Outcome of Combination

This takes all the zest of individuality out of the business and forces the jobber to consider various expedients, all of which are distasteful. The one which seems to commend itself quite as much as any other is the proposal that the jobbers shall get together and demand of the trusts with which they deal certain concessions in the matter of profit and in the manner of handling the products. This has, in fact, been tried in one instance and has worked fairly well, competitors naturally antagonistic to each other working together with one common impulse brought about by the very desperateness of their own situation. Were this carried one step further and jobbers and manufacturers brought into consolidation, a new condition would thus arise, and we should have two sets of trusts instead of one with which to deal. The retailer would then find himself buying on an absolutely closed market and selling on an open one. He would therefore be forced to follow the examples set by manufacturers and jobbers, combining all his fellow-retailers into as close an organization as any from which he is compelled to buy. Unless this happens and the trust form is carried out from start to finish, the manufacturer, the jobber and the retailer buying from the trust may eventually go and the trust become its own distributer direct to the consumer.

Another point which cannot well be overlooked is the fact that under present conditions the inventor whose device enters the field dominated by the trust is completely at the mercy of the combination and compelled to take whatever the trust manager may choose to offer, or nothing. In many cases, if he rebels, it is the latter, and the inventor finds that his device has been practically stolen by some small company organized for this purpose and the capital stock of which has a par value of much less than the real value of the invention. What he does not always learn is the fact that the small company manufacturing the machine—supposing the invention to be a mechanical device—is owned by the trust controlling the product the manufacture of which the machine is designed to assist.

In conclusion, allow me to reiterate what I have said at the commencement of this article, that I have tried to present the facts simply as they appear to the merchant, and in the light in which many of us think they should be viewed.

Editor's Note—This article is in the nature of a reply to The Benefits of Business Combination, a paper by Mr. Charles R. Flint, which appeared in the Post of January 6. Mr. Selz is a member of a large manufacturing and jobbing firm in Chicago.

To the Third and Fourth Generation

By Clinton Ross

I

THE Admiral was at his afternoon nap. The sun through the low window fell over his grizzled face—the strong face of a man who had sailed the seas over, and in his day had made history. The room was filled with souvenirs of many seas, and places, and battles. It was a record of the Admiral himself: a frame for his face. From outside came the midsummer-day hum, the lullaby of the Great Mother, who takes us in the end to her bosom, and holds us close in endless blessing, after strife, turmoil, effort.

A bulldog came lazily in and licked the Admiral's hand, and then lay down to rest by his master's side. How long the two might have slept one can only guess, for there came a shuffling of boots in the hall that aroused the two sleepers, and there entered a stout, small boy, much roughed and tumbled, with a face all bloodied. The dog arose to meet him, while the Admiral opened his wise old eyes on the situation.

"Hum," said the Admiral. "God bless me! Been fighting again?"

"Yes, sir. Come to report. Got licked. But he couldn't make me say surrender."

"That's good," said the Admiral. "Are you ready for punishment?"

"Yes, sir; of course."

The Admiral arose slowly and took from the mantel a dog whip. The boy stood still while the Admiral swished him about the legs, not lightly, but the boy did not flinch. At last the Admiral stopped, placed the switch on the table, sat down in the great chair by the window, took a cigar from the case and lit it, and then, with a twinkle in his shrewd gray eyes, turned to the boy.

"You have conducted yourself creditably, sir, in this affair. What was it about?"

"About Bill, sir. Jim Prindle——"

"Eh, the grocer's boy? He's twice as big as you."

"I didn't care. He said his dog could whip Bill."

The bulldog, as if understanding, gave a low growl.

"I said he couldn't. He cuffed me. I hit back. He didn't have an easy time, either. He's a bully. I caught him kicking a small boy once, and I have had it in for him since. It wasn't so much about Bill, you see."

"Oh, I see. But you'd better have Sarah wash you up a bit. You show the effects of the action."

"Very well, sir."

When the boy had gone the Admiral chuckled and then laughed loudly, uproariously.

"Eh, Bill?" he said to the bulldog, "Oliver shows the stock." As Bill wagged his tail understandingly, the Admiral sobered. "Yes, he is his father over again."

At this moment the Admiral's sister, a spinster of fifty, was washing the boy's wounds, and scolding him, and almost crying over him. The men of her family were always fighting. Her two brothers had been killed in the Civil War, doing leal service, as became a Kent. And Sarah Kent had not the heart to reprove the boy too strongly.

He was a remarkable boy, with a face that could be strong, and again violent, and again soft and pleasant. To Sarah Kent he was the dearest boy in the world. But the Admiral was the master; the house his ship, and his sister and the boy his crew. And in his later life Oliver owed a deal to that training. For he had in him passion, impulse that had wrecked more than one man of his line. He was filled with weakness and with strength; he had in him the elements of utter, dismal failure or of far-reaching success.

As the years went by he grew to be a simple, honest-hearted youth, who might have been quite different. He was the apple of the Admiral's eye. The Admiral, in his well-known corner of the club, was never tired of telling of the boy. Ah, how many other yarns the old sailor spun!

The years passed. Oliver, of course, went to the Naval Academy. That school, in the Admiral's idea, was the only fitting one for a gentleman such as he intended Oliver to become. When he graduated a strange thing happened:

"No, sir; you are not to serve in the American Navy."

"Not to serve? But I want to," Oliver cried.

"But you are not; d'ye understand?" the Admiral said decisively. "Eh, but it's a pity," he muttered low.

"And why?"

The Admiral turned, with a quaver in his voice:

"I have my reasons, and good ones, though I'll acknowledge you would make a pretty officer."

"Can't I have them?" said Oliver.

"No," thundered the Admiral. "No." And then his voice fell low. "Not until after my death."

"What am I to do? Law? Business?"

"No."

"But I am your son," Oliver insisted.

The Admiral turned away. He was fighting a hard battle.

"Wherefore you are to obey me," he said at last.

Habit had left disobedience out of the question: he was the one man Oliver never disobeyed in all his life.

"What am I to do?"

"Go in for horses and yachts, and that sort of thing, if you want to—only, don't trust too much to the fair craft."

Now Oliver was not susceptible, but himself was dearly liked by the entertaining sex. Then he was eligible, for the Admiral's wife, a Van Orand, had brought him a fortune—so it was said. As for horses and boats, he cared for these, but preferred a sturdier career than they offered. But he settled down to horses, and some travel, and big-game hunting, and incidentally became a rather well known man-about-town.

But there came a day when the unsusceptible one met Mary Manners; and to him she was the one woman, and for her he became the one man. This was the spring of the Spanish War. The call attracted Oliver so strongly that this time the Admiral yielded and obtained him a commission. Everybody knows how he distinguished himself at Cienfuegos, and there is no need of repeating it here. How eagerly the Admiral waited for news in those days! How he told over what the boy had done, and how he wanted to see him! When Jim Prindle was brought back wounded he was taken to the Admiral's house, and Miss Sarah treated him like a hero—because he had been Oliver's shipmate. This was the same Prindle who had whipped the small Oliver, and whom Oliver, two years later, had himself subdued.

When Oliver at last returned it was Prindle who first met him and broke the news to him. Two afternoons before the Admiral had fallen asleep in his chair at the club, and had gone on the voyage to the far Land of Peace.

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"YES, BECAUSE I LOVE YOU EVEN MORE THAN THEY"

That night Miss Sarah, sad-eyed and quiet, came to Oliver as he sat in speechless grief. Handing him a sealed document she said:

"He wished me to hand you this when—when——" She sobbed, and Oliver took her into his arms and kissed her.

After a time he slowly broke the seals.

"He couldn't bear you should know while he was alive that you were not his son," she said slowly.

"Not his son!" Oliver cried, aghast.

And he pointed to the picture of the Admiral's wife.

"Nor was she your mother, nor am I your aunt," said Miss Sarah with a sob.

"And that was why I should not serve?"

"Read," said Miss Sarah, and leaned over and kissed him, and then, looking back again and again, went out.

Dazed, Oliver spread before him the sheets from the dead hand and read:

> "*My Dear Lad:* You will not love me less if you know I am not your real father. He left you to me, to be brought up away from that career which has crushed strong men of your race. He loved you so that he could not bear the thought of that thing for you. He was a sailor and a good one, and we met in Hongkong first, and then in some trouble on the Corean Coast where once I was so fortunate as to save his life. I have tried to carry out his wish for you. Your mother was dead at your birth, and he took you from your surroundings. But it was his will. He gave you to me to bring you up as an American gentleman. Only in one respect, I believe, have I violated his wish. You were to know when you came of age; but I could not bear you should know until I should be dead. My lad, it was as well, perhaps. When you read this I shall be speaking to you for the last time. Aye, good-by, dear laddie. I have loved you."

For a long time Oliver sat over that letter, and before he broke the seals of that other letter from his own father he went into the room where the Admiral lay, bound on his last voyage, and bending over, he kissed him on the brow.

"Good-by, dear father," he said.

II

THEN he read what the dead English sailor wrote to him out of the past:

> "Your own name was honorably won, but there were vices in the blood that again and again dishonored it. In any career, bearing your own name you will meet with that which men may not forget—that which brought trouble to your grandfather, to your mother, to me—something that, bearing the name, you cannot escape.
>
> "I was stubborn; I chose to fight it; but luck is against me—if there be luck, if it be not instead something predestined through inheritance. You need have none of this to men's knowledge, yet, knowing that accident may bring it to your knowledge, I have chosen that you should know."

Some lines in the Admiral's hand followed:

> "He, however, wished that you never should serve against England, because you are of a line of men that have fought England's battles—who won the highest distinction, and yet who in two cases sank to the most utter disgrace. It is very curious, but six months after writing this your father met his death under circumstances that presupposed the greatest gallantry, or the greatest ignominy. And the world, because of the old odium attached to the name, said it was ignominy.
>
> "It is fair that you should know this, and that the name you would bear in England because of one man's fault, and through a singular course of mischances to his descendants, is not now an honorable one."

Here the reader paused and thought over it all. But why had his father wished that he should know? Had he thought that perhaps he might go back to try to take the stain from those dead men's names?

An old memory came back.

Again it was a midsummer afternoon in a Westchester house; again the boy went unflinchingly, as he had been taught, to take the punishment that awaited him; again the Admiral's face and words were before him.

And Oliver said: "He wished to keep me from this because he loved me, and yet he taught me to take my punishment—their punishment, for I came from them."

Late that morning Miss Sarah found him.

"My dear, you have not been to bed."

"No, for I have had much to think of, and I am trying to think rightly."

And then on a table he saw in a pile of letters one of Mary Manners'—a tender little note of sympathy.

And that afternoon he saw her, and thanked her for her note, and told her that something was known by him that made him wish to release her. But Mary Manners, who understood him, made him tell her of what the letters had told him.

"Is that all?" she said at last, with a sigh of relief.

"Is it not enough?"

"I am not sure. And—what are you going to do?"

"What the Admiral would have me do."

"Yes, I think he would have you release me. He would have you do as he taught you to do. As for me, you can't release me unless I accept the release."

"Ah, but you must!"

"There are women who don't admit 'must'! "

And she went on: "Oh, don't you see?—he wanted to keep you from that burden because he loved you, and yet he taught you to bear your burdens."

"Even the burden of those dead men?"

"Why did your father wish you to know at all? Was it alone because he thought accident might tell you the truth in such a way as to hurt you the more?"

"Do you think that he thought I might go back and bear the name?"

"And perhaps lift the burden those dead men have put on it," the girl said. And then in a low voice she went on:

"Yes, I would have you take the punishment God has put on you as the Admiral taught you to take punishment."

"And *you* say this?"

There lay a light in her eyes that shone into his soul.

"Yes, because I love you even more than they, and you must be strong."

Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
III. First Years as an Evangelist

DWIGHT L. MOODY once said: "I believe in the Young Men's Christian Association with all my heart. Under God it has done more in developing me for Christian work than any other agency." From 1861 to 1870 Mr. Moody was the most active and persistent leader of Chicago in the work of the Y. M. C. A. During a part of this time he was the Librarian, a position which afterward became the General Secretaryship. From 1865 to 1869 he was the active President. The first years which he devoted wholly to Christian work he gave to this organization.

"It is impossible to estimate the value of his services," says the Memorial Tribute to Mr. Moody, adopted by the Chicago Association. "This Association long claimed him as its greatest single champion. For years he was its leading delegate to Association conventions. During the dark days of the Civil War he was the leading spirit in making the Association a power for good in the armies of the Union as well as at home. He was active in securing its first, second and third buildings. The first Farwell Hall, which was also the first Association building in the world, was opened in 1867 while Mr. Moody was President of the Association. Four months later it was burned to the ground. 'When the flames were fiercest the call for prayer was sounded, and the daily prayer-meeting gathered in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church at the usual hour for prayer.'"

It was in connection with this Association that he became interested in the work of relief during the war. After Fort Sumter was fired upon, Camp Douglas was established near Chicago, and among the recruits were many of the "Moody boys" of the North Market Hall. A company was also formed among Mr. Moody's friends and former associates in business. He believed strongly in the Union himself, but he would not become a soldier. "There has never been a time in my life," he said, "when I felt I could take a gun and shoot down a fellow-being. In this respect I am a Quaker." But in other ways he did notable work. With J. V. Farwell and B. F. Jacobs he formed an Army and Navy Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and they began their work, holding services among the soldiers. At one time there were 12,000 men in the camp, and the Young Men's Christian Association had its own chapel. There was an Army Hymn Book with the American flag on the front page, and the workers visited the men in tents and barracks. They would offer to exchange hymn books for their playing cards.

War Experiences: The Soldier's Last Message

Mr. Moody went to the front nine times, either as a member of the Christian Commission, or at the request of the Sanitary Commission, or the Chicago Citizens' Committee, to take supplies to the wounded. After the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh and Murfreesboro he was on the ground. He was also with the army at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and was among the first to enter Richmond. Mr. Moody's methods were direct and enthusiastic. "Now or never" was his famous argument with the stricken soldier. General O. O. Howard, in whose command Moody carried on part of his work, said that he was a fresh and hearty worker, full of enthusiasm, and popular with the men. In a letter to his mother at this time Moody wrote:

"I am now at work among the soldiers a good deal. I had a good time in Kentucky. The boys wanted to have me become their Chaplain, but my friends will not let me, so I will remain in the city. I would like to see you all and talk about my Saviour, who seems so near to me. Oh, what would life be without Christ! I sometimes get to looking down in this dark world of sin, but when I look to Jesus it makes me look up."

After the battle at Pittsburg Landing the following incident occurred, the narrative being in Mr. Moody's words: "We must not let a man die on the boat this night without telling him of Christ and Heaven. You know the cry of wounded men is 'water! water!' As we passed along from one to another, giving them water, we tried to tell them of the water of life, of which, if they would drink, they would never die. I came to one man who had about as fine a face as I ever saw. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I went to the doctor and said:

"'Doctor, do you think that man will recover?'

"'No; he lost so much blood before we got to him on the field that he fainted while we were amputating his leg. He will never recover.'

"I said: 'I can't find out his name and it seems a pity to let him die without knowing who he is. Don't you think we can bring him to?'

"'You may give him a little brandy and water,' said the doctor; 'that will revive him if anything will.'

"I sat down beside him and gave him brandy and water every now and then. While I was waiting, I said to a man near by:

"'Do you know this man?'

"'Oh, yes; that is my chum.'

"'Has he a father and mother living?'

"'He has a widowed mother.'

"'Has he any brothers or sisters?'

"'Two sisters; but he is the only son.'

"'What is his name?'

"'William Clark.'

"I said to myself that I could not let him die without getting a message for that mother. Presently he opened his eyes, and I said:

"'William, do you know where you are?'

"He looked around, a little dazed, and then said: 'Oh, yes; I am on my way home to mother.'

"'Yes, you are on your way home,' I said; 'but the doctor says you won't reach your earthly home. I thought I'd like to ask you if you had any message for your mother.'

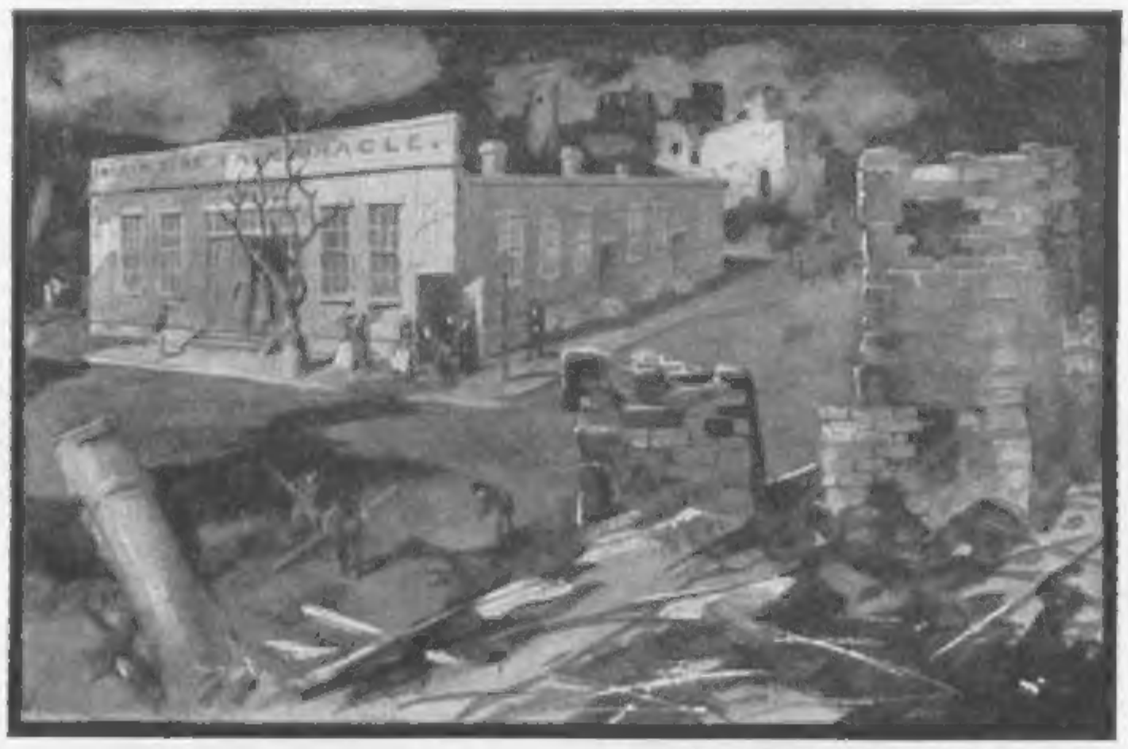
"His face lighted up with an unearthly glow, as he said: 'Oh, yes; tell my mother that I died trusting in Jesus!'

"It was one of the sweetest things I ever heard in my life!

"Presently I said: 'Anything else, William?'

"With a beautiful smile he said: 'Tell my mother and sisters to be sure to meet me in Heaven,' and he closed his eyes. He was soon unconscious again, and in a few hours his soul took its flight to join his Lord and Master."

On returning to Chicago, Mr. Moody at once looked up the widowed mother and two sisters and delivered the message from this dying son and brother. As he was leaving the house one of the sisters, only a child at the time, came to him and placed in his hand the small savings of her sister and herself with the request that he purchase a Bible to give to some soldier. On returning to the front Mr. Moody related this incident, asking who wanted the Bible that the child had sent, and there were a number of petitions.



THE NORTH SIDE TABERNACLE IN CHICAGO AS REBUILT IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GREAT FIRE

When the Court Adjourned for Prayer-Meeting

These war experiences brought Mr. Moody prominently before the whole country and people from all sections of the land sent in requests to his meetings for prayers on behalf of husbands, brothers and sons. When the war was over Mr. Moody returned to Sunday-school work in Chicago. It was planned to hold a Sunday-school Convention at Springfield, Illinois, and Mr. Moody and two friends attended. After breakfast at the hotel they set out in search of a quiet place where they might have a prayer-meeting to themselves. The Baptist Church suited them and they entered by way of a basement window. While they were kneeling in prayer the pastor entered saying, "You are welcome, brethren, whoever you may be." From that grew a great revival which reached every part of the community. Mr. Moody made a tour of the State and had crowded houses wherever he went. Sometimes he filled two churches, speaking in both the same evening. A revival started at Pontiac, Illinois, in a very peculiar way. Mr. Moody went through the town on a muddy day, and talked to every man, woman and child he met. The result was a remarkable religious movement, in which several lawyers joined the churches, and the court had to adjourn at ten minutes before twelve to attend the noon prayer-meeting. In his Sunday-school work Mr. Moody did much to introduce the lesson system, and out of this agitation grew the International Series of Bible Lessons. All this time his interest was still maintained in the work which he had begun in the North Market Hall, which continued to grow in size and activity. The little mission grew into a church and became the Illinois Street Church, with a seating capacity of 1500. It was the centre of a large variety of Christian enterprises, one of which was the holding of open-air services during the summer.

"Some of the happiest nights I ever had were in the children's prayer-meetings," Mr. Moody used to say. "Some people don't believe in early conversion. 'If they have a father or mother, let them take care of them,' they say. Then they complain, 'If you do get them and they are converted, they won't hold out.'

"Well, that is not my experience. Some of the most active men that I had to help me in Chicago were little barefooted boys, picked up in the lanes and byways. Some of the most active men in the church there to-day were boys that went to church then. I was once sent for by a mother who was on her deathbed. She had been married twice and her husband abused her son.

"'Now I am dying of consumption,' she said. 'I have been sick a long time and since I have been lying here I have neglected my boy. He has got into bad company and he is very, very unkind, and he is given to swearing. Mr. Moody, I want you to promise me that when I am gone and he has no one to take care of him, you will look after him.' I promised that I would. And soon after that mother died. No sooner was she buried than that boy ran away and they didn't know where he was. The next Sunday I spoke to the children in my Sabbath-school and I asked them to look for him and if they found him to let me know. For some time I did not hear from him; but one day one of my scholars told me that he was a bell-boy in a certain hotel. I went to the hotel and found him and talked with him. How well I remember that night! He had no father or mother, and his step-father abused him. There was no place where we could be alone in the hotel, so I asked him where we could have some seclusion. He said the only place he knew of was on the hotel roof. There on the top of that hotel I spoke to him about Christ, and what He had done for him, and how He loved him. The tears trickled down his cheeks. I prayed with him there and he became a Christian. Below was the tumult of the city. It was the night before the Fourth of July and they were firing off cannon and sky-rockets. But there upon that roof at midnight this boy was praying and calling upon God for light and aid and comfort. Many years after I met him again and he is now an active Christian man."

Days of Rough-Water Sailing

During these times Mr. Moody did not always have fair sailing. One man tried his best to break up his meeting. On a certain evening Mr. Moody was standing at the door of the inquiry-room. The entrance was on a landing on the stairs to the large hall, and below, to the vestibule, were several steps. While thus engaged a man approached Mr. Moody and deliberately and grossly insulted him. He never would say just exactly what this insult was, but it must have been of unusual indignity, for he thrust the man from him, sending him precipitously down the steps to the sidewalk. Happily the man was not injured, but Mr. Moody felt keenly his guilt in giving way to his passion. One who was present tells the rest of the story:

"When I saw Mr. Moody give such evident expression to his temper, although I could not but believe the provocation was extraordinary, I said to myself: 'This meeting is killed. The large number who witnessed the scene will hardly be in a condition to be influenced by anything more Mr. Moody may say to-night.' But before Mr. Moody began the second meeting that night he arose, and with a trembling voice made a most humble apology.

"'Friends,' he said, 'before beginning to-night I want to confess that I yielded just now to my temper, out in the hall, and have done very wrongly. I want to confess my wrong before you all, and if the man is present here whom I thrust away from me in anger I want to ask his forgiveness, and before you all I want to ask God's forgiveness. Let us pray!' There was not a word of excuse or vindication for resenting the insult. The impression made by his words was wonderful, and, instead of the meeting being killed by the scene, it was wonderfully blessed by the consistent and straightforward confession of Mr. Moody."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers, begun in the Post of April 7, dealing with the important periods of Mr. Moody's life.

On one occasion he was invited to the opening of a great billiard hall and saloon, and he went to the men and prayed with them, and prayed that their business might go to pieces. They did fail, and later one of the men became converted. In the early sixties he worked among all classes and conditions. Sometimes he would take a well-trained choir to the low drinking saloons and they would sing songs and distribute tracts while Mr. Moody would preach and pray. In preaching on How to Reach the Poor he once said:

"We don't make our services interesting enough to get unconverted people to come. We don't expect them to come—would be mortified if they did. To make them interesting and profitable, ask the question, 'How shall we make them more interesting?' and then ask some man that never takes a part to tell how he would do it. You will wake him up. If you can't talk, read a verse of Scripture, and let God speak. Bring up the question, 'What more can we do in our district?' Get those who never do anything to say what they think ought to be done, then ask them if they are doing it. Don't get in a rut. I abominate ruts. Perhaps I dread them too much, but there is nothing I fear more."

The Lightning Christian of the Country

All the children on the street seemed to know him, and very often in his walks he had in his pockets candy which he freely gave to his little friends.

In this period of his life he was very successful in securing appropriations for buildings. The Young Men's Christian Association wanted a building of their own. While the election which resulted in the choice of John V. Farwell as president and Dwight L. Moody as vice-president was going on, Mr. Moody was out getting pledges, and before night there were assurances of a hall with a seating capacity for 3000 people and with rooms for the committee meetings and offices. The first cash subscription was $10,000 from Cyrus McCormick. Some of the larger subscribers, appreciating Mr. Moody's effort in raising the money for the building, declared that it should be named after him. Mr. Moody learned of this plan and at the proper moment made a short but thrilling appeal, demanding that the audience name it Farwell Hall in honor of the chairman of the building committee and of one who had given so liberally to the cause. The proposal was carried with a shout, although Mr. Farwell claimed afterward "that the audience acceded to the only mistake that Mr. Moody ever made in connection with this enterprise." Four months afterward Farwell Hall was burned down. It was said that Mr. Moody, by his quick decision and well-directed efforts, secured subscriptions for the new building before the old one ceased burning. Rev. David Macrae, of Scotland, who was visiting Chicago at that time, called Mr. Moody "the lightning Christian of the city." The second Farwell Hall was larger and better, but it also was destroyed in the great fire of Chicago in 1871. The third Farwell Hall was erected while Mr. Moody was in Europe, but it was he who afterward raised the money necessary to clear the building from debt. This third building gave way to the present Farwell Hall, which exceeds in value any Young Men's Christian Association building in the world.

Mr. Moody's methods all this time were those of swift appreciation and incessant effort. He was quick to use those men with whom he came in contact. He was always ready in his replies. At one convention he always began by reading a verse from his Bible. A man exclaimed: "I am glad you keep to your chart."

"There is nothing else to keep to," replied Moody. "If that goes, everything goes."

Very often he would station himself at the entrance of the Association Rooms and distribute invitations to the noonday prayer-meeting, and many conversions came of this work. He was a great student of the Bible. "We need more Bible in our meetings," he often said. He did all he could for the prisoners and often visited the jails.

Common-Sense Treatment of the Charity Problem

At the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in Baltimore, in 1879, Mr. Moody was elected president with great enthusiasm. In this convention he said some of the things that are quoted to this day. When asked if it was advisable to appoint unconverted men on committees, he replied: "Well, if you want to carry a corpse, put them on. A man that is dead has to be carried. I think one man with Christ in his soul is worth a thousand of those without Christ."

Again, he said: "When any one came to me and bored me, when I was secretary in Chicago, with some hobby to be worked in the Association, I would say—if it was good in itself—'Yes, that is a good thing to do. I will appoint you chairman of a special committee to work that out. You fill up the committee with several others and go to work.'"

The question of the unemployed he solved in this way: "First of all, to seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, believing His promise, which I never knew to fail, that all things will be added unto them. Second, to pray to God for work. Third, to be as patient as possible during these times of hardship. Fourth, to look earnestly for work. Fifth, to take any honest employment that offers itself. Sixth, to study economy. The laboring-men should own their own homes.

"We used to have men coming in all the time and asking for work when I was secretary in Chicago. They would tell about their sufferings and how they had no work and wanted help. At last I got two or three hundred cords of wood and put it in a vacant lot, and got some saws and sawbucks and kept them out of sight. A man would come and ask for help. 'Why don't you work?' I would ask. 'I can't get any.' 'Would you do it if you could get any?' 'Oh, yes, anything.' 'Would you really work in the street?' 'Yes.' 'Would you saw wood?' 'Yes.' 'All right;' and then we would bring out a saw and sawbuck and send him out, but we would have a boy watch and see that he did not steal the saw. Then the fellow would say: 'I will go home and tell my wife I have got some work:' and that would be the last we would see of him. During the whole winter I never got more than three or four cords of wood sawed."

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THE OLD FREIGHT STATION IN PHILADELPHIA WHERE MOODY HELD MEETINGS

An Enthusiastic Welcome from England

Mr. Moody's first visit to England was brought about largely by the fact that Mrs. Moody was a sufferer from asthma and her physician had suggested a sea voyage with an entire change of air.

As soon as Mr. Moody reached England he was invited to speak at an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday-school Union in Exeter Hall. Mr. Moody was assigned to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who was the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull gives this account of what happened:

"Toward the close of the meeting the chairman yielded his place to the vice-chairman, in order that such a resolution might be offered. The vice-chairman announced that they were glad to welcome their 'American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody, of Chicago,' who would now 'move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl' who had presided on this occasion. With refreshing frankness and an utter disregard of conventionalities and mere compliments, Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"'The chairman has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the "Reverend" Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sabbath-school worker. And then I'm not your "American cousin!" By the grace of God I'm your brother, who is interested, with you, in our Father's work for His children.

"'And now about this vote of thanks to "the noble Earl" for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois, he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty, and they had tried to do theirs. He thought it was an even thing all round.'"

Shortly after his return Mr. Moody met Mr. Sankey, who was a delegate to the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Indianapolis in 1870. In one of the meetings there was some difficulty with the singing and Mr. Sankey led with the familiar "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." Afterward followed the interview in which Mr. Moody told Mr. Sankey that he must give up his business and join him in evangelistic work.

Mr. Sankey tells this story about one of their experiences, before he had decided to join Mr. Moody in his work. Mr. Moody had asked him to meet him on a certain street corner. He did so and this is what followed:

"Without stopping, Mr. Moody walked into a store on the corner and asked permission to use a large empty box which he saw outside the door. This he rolled to the side of the street and, taking his stand upon it, at once asked me to sing the hymn, 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?'

"After one or two hymns, Mr. Moody began his address. Many workingmen were just then on their way home from the mills and factories, and in a short time a large crowd had gathered. The address that evening was one of the most powerful I had ever heard. The crowd stood spellbound by the burning words which flowed from the speaker's lips and many a tear was brushed away from the eyes of the men as they looked up into the honest face of the speaker. After talking about fifteen or twenty minutes, he closed with a short prayer and announced that he was going to hold another meeting at the Academy of Music and invited the crowd to follow him there. We sang the well-known hymn, 'Shall We Gather at the River,' as we marched down the street.

"It took but a few minutes to pack the Academy, Mr. Moody seeing that the men were all seated before he ascended the platform to speak."

There are many interesting facts about the large sums of money raised by Mr. Moody for religious work, but of them all there is no story more remarkable than the success of the Hymn Book which appears under the name of Moody and Sankey. This volume was in some respects an evolution from Philip Phillips' book called Hallowed Songs. Mr. Sankey used Mr. Phillips' book and at the same time sang from his private selections. Finally a new selection resulted called Sacred Songs and Solos, which sold in large quantities at sixpence a piece, for Moody and Sankey were then in England. Some months later a small book of Words Only was published, and sold for a penny. The first advertisement of Sacred Songs and Solos appeared September 18, 1873, and soon the book was known all around the world. The royalties were placed in the hands of a committee and were devoted to religious work. At the close of the Moody and Sankey campaign these royalties amounted to $35,000, and, on the suggestion of English friends, the money was devoted to the rebuilding of the Y. M. C. A. building in Chicago.

When Mr. Moody returned to America in August, 1875, a new collection of hymns was arranged for by Mr. P. P. Bliss and Mr. Sankey, and the name was changed to Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs. The royalties from this book were first paid over to a committee of prominent business men in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Mr. William E. Dodge, of Chicago, was chairman. The money was devoted to religious, philanthropic and educational purposes in many parts of the United States. Out of this fund were erected many buildings, including three fine structures at Northfield and one at Mt. Hermon. These royalties are now paid to the trustees of the schools at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. Mr. Dodge made this statement:

Hymn Books as Money Makers

"The sale of the various editions of the books so prepared greatly exceeded expectations, and, although the royalty was small on a single copy of the book, as trustees we received up to September, 1885, the large sum of $357,388.64. All of this was carefully distributed among various religious and educational institutions. It was finally determined that the entire royalties of these books should be turned over to the trustees of the schools at Northfield, and this was accordingly done.

"During all these years neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey had any fixed income. Mr. Sankey, especially, had given up copyrights which would have brought him in a large yearly sum, and opportunities to hold musical institutes and conventions which would have substantially added to his income. Neither of them, during the whole continuance of the trust, received one dollar of personal advantage.

"In closing the trust I consulted a lawyer of very high national reputation—the leader of the bar in New York. He was greatly interested in the form of the trust and had but little sympathy in the religious work. He gave a large amount of time and thought, and, after receiving his opinion, I asked him to be kind enough to send me a memorandum, so that I could personally send him a check, which I supposed would necessarily be a large one. He told me under no possible circumstance would he accept a cent; that the unselfishness and splendid quality of men who could make such a sacrifice was a new revelation of human nature to him, and made him feel better disposed toward mankind."

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NORTHFIELD IN WINTER

'PUBLICK OCCURRENCES' That are Making HISTORY

The Nation's Servants Abroad

Of all the departments of Government employment, the consular service seems to be about the worst. A consul at one of the important cities of Europe has recently made a statement that only about two out of every twenty-five consuls which each Administration sends to that particular country bring back any money with them when they are superseded, and these two do it only by wretched parsimony. It is a fact that many of our consuls turn up afterward as agents of foreign interests or representatives of other countries, and sometimes as workers of rather questionable schemes. The consular work in the far East during the war with Spain is still a matter of comment and criticism, while at the point of all points where during the past months a good level-headed American was needed—that is, at Pretoria—the American Consul packed up and came home.

There has been a vast improvement in our Ambassadors and Ministers in the diplomatic part of the Government, because the positions have attracted men of wealth to whom the small salaries were no special consideration; and so we have a number of excellent gentlemen serving the richest nation on earth and spending many times their salary each year in order to maintain their proper pride and to uphold the dignity of their Government.

But in the consular service it is different. This branch is commercial. It is kept up for trade and money and the men enter it for salary. The absolute necessity of having trained representatives in this age of world commerce is apparent, but the ridiculous part is that district politicians make the selections. Fancy, if you can—you a manufacturer—needing experts in every branch of your establishment, discharging your superintendents and welcoming a new lot of nondescripts who had been sent to you on recommendations of politicians. How long would your business last? And yet in the broader and greater business of the whole nation that is the plan followed—the plan that has been followed for over a hundred years.

It seems absurd, but it is true.

What Harry Garfield Has Done

Sometimes it seems that there could be no reform, especially in politics, if it were not for young men. The first consul to represent this country was commissioned in 1789, and in the 111 years since then only one bill has been passed by Congress to improve the consular service, and it accomplished practically nothing. There are many young men who would like to serve their country in foreign places, and there are other young men who want to open the way for them. For some years the agitation has been going on, but it was not until the young men took hold of the movement that it reached important proportions—men like William Rockhill, Gaillard Hunt, Representative Adams, all formerly in the foreign service, and others, who are doing good work for the Government. The one to whom the most credit is given is Harry A. Garfield. He was President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, and he saw the need of reform.

The Bill to Make Better Consuls

In the past several years eight or nine different bills for the improvement of the service have been introduced into Congress—all failures. The movement never had much real life until Mr. Garfield threw his energy into it. Thus we have the new bill, 2661 in the Senate list, which was introduced into the Senate on January 23 of this year by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and which is entitled, "A Bill to Remodel the Consular Service of the United States." It is the matured product of the Cleveland business body. It provides for the appointment of four consuls-general at $8000 per annum; thirteen at $6000, nineteen at $5000; thirty-seven consuls of the first class at $5000, thirty-five at $4000, sixty at $3000, forty at $2000, thirty at $1800, fifty at $1500. It abolishes the fee system and commercial agents. Consuls shall be subject to examination and they must stand the test of competency. The consul-general or a consul may be transferred from one post to another; he is the Government's agent. Appointments shall be made by promotion, and the merit system will prevail. "No one shall be examined who is under twenty-five or over forty-five years of age, or who is not a citizen of the United States, or who is mentally, morally or physically disqualified to fulfill properly the duties of consul. The scope and method of the examination shall be determined by the board, but among the subjects shall be included either the French, German or Spanish language, and questions designed to ascertain each applicant's knowledge of the commercial resources of the United States." After a service of twelve months in a consulate no consul shall be dismissed from the service except for due cause.

ROBERT ADAMS, JR.

GAILLARD HUNT

W. W. ROCKHILL

JOSIAH QUINCY

Three Benefits that Would Follow

If the movement which is now being actively pushed, and which is interesting the business interests of the entire country, should be successful it will do three great things. It will remove a scandal from our politics. To appreciate how great this is we have only to examine the figures of recent Administrations. Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, when Assistant Secretary of State, did much to hasten the movement by his complete turning over of the consular equipment. He dismissed Republicans and put in Democrats wherever he could. But though the record under the Cleveland Administration was pretty bad, it has been even worse under McKinley. With 272 consulships of $1000 salary and over there have been 238 changes made by this Administration, and of the grade below $1000 twenty-one out of forty-eight were changed. These figures tell their own story.

In the second place, it will open new possibilities for the really deserving young men of the country. Of course, we do not expect appointments to office to be entirely free from personal influence any more than we expect the millennium next week; but by inaugurating the merit system and giving the young man practical assurance that so long as he does the work well he will keep his office, the consular service will be made attractive to the right sort of applicants. It will, in the nature of things, become the kind of school from which may be graduated our future diplomatists. In the third place, it will be a capital thing for the commerce of the country. Much can be done by having trained and efficient consuls at every point in the world.

The Fight for the Loaves and Fishes

It would seem that when all the business interests of the country, when all the unselfish efforts of good citizens, and when the best sentiment of the press and pulpit are in favor of a reform there ought not to be any difficulty in its accomplishment. But in politics the evident right is often the slowest to find recognition.

The little politicians in both branches of Congress and the little bosses behind them will not give up a single loaf or a single fish willingly. The merit system interferes with their style of statesmanship. Naturally they do not like it.

It is popular to deride Civil Service Reform as a movement against the plain people, whereas it is the only plan that offers perfectly honest assurances that a poor man may get into public service without compromising his reputation by irregular campaign practices or bending the knee to a boss. There is no farce more pitiable than that annual and sometimes semi-annual acting in Congress when a few of the Representatives make their sham fight against Civil Service Reform.

The funny part about it is that they are the very ones who are protected by the law. They use it as a constant and never-failing excuse for not carrying out their campaign promises; but then, of course, to square themselves with their constituents they have to exhibit a pretended antagonism to it in their speeches. And some voters believe them.

A Simple Story of a Wise Young Man

A man who represents the United States at one of the important capitals of Europe offered the position of secretary to his son who had just graduated from a leading university. The young man asked time for consideration and then replied:

"It is mighty kind of you, and I know that I should have a good time for four and possibly for six or eight years, and should meet many people whom I would like to know; but after it is all over what should I be good for?" It was the question of a young man who thought.

The father pointed out that the salary of $2000 was a consideration, but the young man wisely shook his head and said:

"I would spend every cent of it, and at the end of the time I should be worse fitted for the responsibilities of life than I am now. I should like to go with you, but I do not see how I can."

It is unnecessary to say that the father was proud of the decision. This son is now struggling along on much less salary, but the drilling and the experience which he is getting will be paying large dividends when the diplomatic salary with a change of Administration would suddenly cease. It takes nerve to turn the back on the attractions of one of the capitals of the world, but it shows the kind of commonsense which distinguishes the really level-headed and successful American. And yet why should this be the case? Why should not this young man be able to enter the service of the Government with the same feeling of confidence as in ordinary business employment? There is no explanation except the evils of spoils politics. That is what the new consular bill seeks to reform.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Made Cleveland Change His Mind

Joseph J. Little, President of the New York Board of Education, has been filling an unusually large place in the public eye for more than a year past For a strictly peaceable man he has been engaged in more controversies than fall to the lot of most fighters First, Mr. Holt, the publisher, engaged in a controversy with him, and later Comptroller Coler has been questioning the accounts of his department in a remarkably unpleasant manner. But in spite of these diversions, Mr Little manages to preserve an equable and smiling demeanor that makes him one of the most popular men in New York public life. It was this quality that enabled him to make Mr. Cleveland change his mind

The President had been invited to attend a Democratic harmony dinner to be given in New York and had accepted the invitation Later, other guests were invited without consultation with Mr Cleveland, and when he heard of it he declined to be present. Now the sending out of these invitations had been intrusted to Mr. Little and he felt a personal responsibility in the matter. He had announced that Mr. Cleveland would be present and he felt that his reputation was at stake. A day or so before the dinner he called on Mr. Cleveland

"What can I do for you, Mr Little?" inquired President Cleveland pleasantly

"Mr. President, you've known me for a good many years as a printer and as a Congressman. You never knew me to break my word In my life What I say I do. What I promise I fulfill. I invited you to be present at this dinner and you accepted my invitation, and I have announced it to every other gentleman who is to be present, and I expect you to keep your word to me just as I would keep my word to you."

"But," began the President, "you have invited some people there that I don't want to meet."

"That makes no difference, Mr. President. Nothing was said about that when you accepted the invitation, and besides that, what is the use of a harmony dinner among friends?"

Half an hour later Mr Little left the house with a new acceptance from the President in his pocket and the dinner took place as was originally planned

Interviewing the Princess of Wales

The only newspaper woman who ever interviewed the Princess of Wales is an American girl Miss Mary Penfield. It came about in a curious way. A new drama was being presented at a leading London theatre, and Miss Penfield, her editor and the playwright were occupying a box Suddenly there was a round of applause and into the royal box came the Princess of Wales and a lady

The playwright looked at his friends and exclaimed, "I wonder how the Princess likes my piece!"

Miss Penfield more in joke than in earnest replied, "I'll go and find out

She was promptly challenged to do it, and rather than be accused of fear, rose and left the box. As required by London etiquette she was in evening toilette better dressed, in fact, than most of the audience. At the royal box the official looked at her inquiringly, and when she nodded he opened the door and bowed her in. She advanced two steps and bowed to the Princess, who motioned her to a chair. She seated herself promptly and listened to the Princess' comments upon the play. Undoubtedly she had been mistaken for some one else, because at the end of fifteen minutes the box door opened to admit a lady who resembled her in face and figure. Miss Penfield thereupon rose, bowed humbly and returned to her friends, to whom she repeated the criticisms

How Suzanne Adams Saved the Day

Suzanne Adams rescued a performance of Les Huguenots by the Metropolitan Opera Company on the briefest notice

At twelve o'clock noon she received a telephone message in New York asking her to sing the part of the Queen in a matinée performance to be given that day at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. By a quarter to one she had completed her preparations and boarded the train. She arrived during the performance, just in time to take her place on the stage Madame Nordica, originally cast for the rôle of Valentine in the presentation, had been suddenly taken ill. For a time it was feared that no one could be found to sing in her place until the discovery was made that Madame De Vere would undertake the part. But she had been cast to sing the Queen and a new difficulty confronted the management

Les Huguenots was the only opera for which music and costumes had been brought to Philadelphia. It was Les Huguenots or no performance at all, and to have found a Valentine only to lose a Queen failed to help the situation

The stage-manager caught Mr. Grau in New York by the long distance telephone. Five minutes later he was asking Miss Adams to save the performance by singing the Queen

Miss Adams had not sung the part in several seasons and she was consequently uncertain of both words and music To meet the first difficulty it was telephoned to Philadelphia to begin the performance three quarters of an hour late; to master the second Miss Adams studied her rôle on the train Not a moment was left to consider the difficulties to be faced

On her arrival she literally stepped from her carriage to the stage. The first act of the opera was ending as she reached the Academy of Music a little after three o'clock

When the curtain rung up on the second act she was in her place on the stage, self collected and cool. She sang brilliantly, and the audience, having learned that she had saved the performance, gave her an enthusiastic welcome

The Father of the Senate

Last month Senator William B Allison, of Iowa, completed his twenty-sixth year as a member of the United States Senate Since the death of Senator Morrill, of Vermont, he has been called Father of the Senate. For over thirty four years he has been in the public service, for before he was elected to the Senate he was for eight years a member of the House of Representatives. Senator Allison has passed his seventieth year, but so well has he lived that he is one of the sturdiest and most faithful members of Congress Recently some old Washingtonians at a dinner voted upon the various qualities of the leaders in both branches of Congress, and at the end of the verdict it was unanimously conceded that Senator Allison wielded more authority than any of his colleagues

Rosebery's Treacherous Stockings

At one time when Lord Rosebery was visiting relatives in Dumfermline he was one of a house party who gave a number of amateur performances. White Melville, author of The Gladiators, was another member of the party, and also something of an actor Indeed Lord Rosebery used never to lose an opportunity to take part in private theatricals. For many years Mr Melville has entertained his friends with stories of the plays they put on during his stay with the Premier

Here is one of them

In Rob Roy Melville took the part of the famous brigand and Rosebery was a chieftain of the triumphant clan. At the last minute it was found that Rosebery had no plaided socks to go with his kilt, and a stage hand painted the nether extremities of the now famous statesman in the required plaided colorings and all which marked his clan Toward the middle of the second act Rosebery warmed up considerably to the part, and he could feel the paint trickling down to the floor from his limbs in great drops But he was not prepared for the remark which greeted him from the front row at the opening of the next act, when an old Scotchman said:

Say, Dougal, hoot there, man! Your plaid is getting mighty traitorous. If you don't put some ice on yourself your colors will be running into each other, and you'll be worse than a Campbell in the last act" It almost broke up the performance.

W. B. ALLISON — SUZANNE ADAMS — MRS. DANIEL MANNING — HAYDEN CARRUTH

The Making of a Humorist

Hayden Carruth was a country school teacher in Wabash County, Minnesota, twenty years ago Then he went out West. In Sioux Falls, South Dakota, he started a weekly paper

In 1887 he wrote some humorous editorials for the Chicago Tribune and sent some others to the New York Tribune. Both were accepted and he went to Chicago. Here he was offered fifty dollars a week to join the Tribune's staff But the price did not suit him and he went to New York. There he hunted up a newspaper friend

"I'm going over to see the Tribune people," he said "Now, what ought I charge?"

Knowing the rates of compensation in the newspaper business, his friend suggested forty dollars

"How did you make out?"

"Oh! all right, but I wish I had asked more

"Do you think you could have got fifty dollars?"

"Fifty? I asked them seventy five, and they took it so quickly I'm sorry I didn't make it a hundred."

The President-General of the D. A. R.

There are eight patriotic women societies in this country and all of them have large memberships One of the most important is the Daughters of the American Revolution which has 27,000 members, and chapters in all the States, and even in Hawaii The headquarters are in Washington and the President-General is Mrs. Daniel Manning Mrs Manning takes a prominent part in the official life of Washington, where as the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury under the first Cleveland regime she won wide popularity

Pratt's Cats

By W. L. Alden

"THERE S some folks," remarked [illegible] he laid aside the Nantucket Gazette and wiped his spectacles "that has ideas, and some that hasn't: and it's them that hasn't that are lucky. Now, I never had any ideas, beyond doing my duty as a sailorman in whatever situation I might happen to be. The consequence was that I got on peaceably with everybody, and never made more than a middling sized ass of myself at any one time. Then there was Captain Hank Pratt, of the Natchez. Some people used to say that he didn't know anything whatever except seamanship and the Bible; and so, in a way, he didn't. But he was chock full with ideas, most of which went to show that he ought to have confined himself to seamanship and religion. He was, take him by and large, the best able-bodied, A 1 Christian I ever heard of, but when he tried to bend his ideas on to his innocence, it was like bending a three-inch cable to the signal halyards, and trying to anchor with the lot.

I often think of the time we had in the Natchez with Captain Pratt's cats. I was first mate of the ship at the time, and we were lying in Boston harbor, filling up with New England rum and cotton goods for Singapore and Canton. We had taken in about all she would hold, when Captain Pratt says to me, 'Mr Baker, you've been ashore several times at Singapore?'

"'It wasn't my fault, sir,' I says—for, next to Port Said, Singapore is the worst place [illegible]

"'I wasn't asking why you went ashore,' says the Captain; 'if so be that you got into difficulties, I'm afraid that it came from your not being a pious man'—which I wasn't at that time, I'm sorry to say. 'What I want to know,' continues the Captain, 'is just this: Did you ever see a cat in Singapore?'

'Well, sir,' says I, 'I don't remember any particular cat, but then I haven't much opinion of cats, and I might pass half a dozen without noticing them. You'd better ask the carpenter; he was ashore at Singapore last voyage, for, if you remember, we were [illegible] layed twenty-four hours hunting him up.'

'I did ask him,' says the old man, 'and he said that while he was at Singapore he'd seen the finest collection of variegated monkeys, mostly blue, that any sailorman ever saw, even after a month ashore in London, but he couldn't swear to any cats.'

'Might I ask,' said I, 'what your particular interest in Singapore cats is pointing to?'

"'It's this way,' says he. 'I know from what I've read that there ain't a single solitary individual cat in all Singapore. I've got it in print in a book down in my cabin, and you can't deny what's in a book. Now Singapore is just overrun with rats [illegible] and the dogs and some other small animal, whose name I can't lay my hand to at this particular minute, don't begin to do their duty toward the vermin. What Singapore needs the worst way is cats that have been brought up to know their duty in regard to rats and mice, and will do it. Why, if the Singapore people could lay in a good supply of cats, their property would improve in value at least ten per cent. Now, I've been studying over this cat question for some time, and I've come to the conclusion that the man who carries a cargo of cats out to Singapore will make a lot of money.'

"'How so?' says I.

'Look at it from a business point of view,' says the old man. 'What's the market value of a cat here in Boston? Just nothing at all, says you, and right you are. Now, what ought to be the market value of a cat in Singapore, where there ain't a cat of any kind, and where the mice and rats couldn't be reckoned up with any table of logarithms that was ever yet printed? My idea is that a good article of cat, laid down at Singapore, would fetch an average price of fifty cents in our money. Very good. I calculate to take in about a thousand cats between now and the day we sail. The boys on the wharf will catch them for me, and be glad to do it, for five cents a cat. I shall sell those cats at Singapore for fifty cents apiece, which will be a clean profit of forty-five cents per cat, their keep while on board ship not being worth mentioning, considering that we've got a full supply of rats with us, and if the rats run short the cats will eat what the cook generally throws away. That's my little scheme for turning an honest penny in a new way, and I'd like to hear your opinion of it.'

"'Begging your pardon, Captain,' says I, 'I haven't any opinion of it whatsoever. Likewise the same is my opinion of cats, which are an animal that no man can trust. You'll find long before you're off the Cape that you've made the biggest mistake of your life in meddling with cats. I've heard my mother say that there ain't a cat mentioned in the whole Bible, from beginning to end. You just lay that to heart, and have nothing to do with cats.'

"This was speaking a good deal plainer to my superior officer than I generally spoke, but I knew his cat idea was the worst sort of foolishness, and I wanted to have him give it up. But, of course, he wouldn't do anything of the sort. He was determined to take a cargo of cats to Singapore, and, accordingly, the more I might say against it the more he'd stick to his idea.

"Well, that very day Captain Pratt went to work to collect cats. He agreed with a warehouseman on the wharf to keep his cats for him till the day we sailed, and he offered a reward of five cents to every boy who would get a cat for him. Cats were thick in Boston in those days, and boys were mighty smart. They turned to with a will, and cats fairly poured in, as you might say. I told the Captain that there wasn't the least doubt that nine-tenths of the cats were private cats that the boys stole from their owners, and I put it to him, as a pious man, that he hadn't any right to encourage boys to steal. But he wouldn't listen to me. He said that the boys looked to him to be good, honest boys, and he wouldn't insult them by suspecting them of stealing.

"About an hour before we sailed the cats were all brought on board and dropped down the main hatchway to the 'tween decks, where the old man calculated that the beasts would be comfortable. We took away the ladder from the hatchway so that the cats couldn't come on deck, and there were two or three pannikins of fresh water waiting for them below. The crew seemed considerably amused when they saw the cats coming aboard—that is, all except the carpenter. He was a good man the carpenter, so long as he was at sea, though a bit grumpy in temper, but he always stopped ashore when we were in port, and I'm afraid that he wallowed a good deal in the intoxicating bowl.

"He came aboard just after we had taken in all the cats, and he happened to look down the hatchway and saw the cats. He sort of staggered back and took hold of the fiferail to support himself. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he felt a little faint. 'By-the-by, Mr. Baker,' said he, 'is there such a thing as a cat aboard this ship, for it would be mighty unlucky to go to sea without one?'

"'Cat!' said I. 'Why, man, there's a thousand of them in the 'tween decks, that the Captain is taking to Singapore on speculation.'

"You never saw a man look so relieved. 'Oh,' says he 'if they're real cats, that's all right. I don't mind real cats.'

"Well, we got on very well with the cats for the first twenty-four hours, though the cabin boy, whose bunk was close to the bulkhead that divided him from the cats, said he never slept a wink owing to the awful fighting that went on among them. But the next day the second mate, who wanted something got up from below, had the ladder put down the hatchway, and the cats, supposing that it was meant for their accommodation, went on deck in such a hurry that before anything could be done to stop them the whole gang took possession of the main deck, and the [illegible] deck, and the fo'c'sle, and the spars and rigging generally. The second mate ordered the men to catch the cats, but beyond catching two or three that were either sick or particularly tame, not a cat was caught. Then our troubles began.

You'll say that a cat isn't dangerous, but just you try going aloft, especially at night, and meeting cats in the tops, and the crosstrees, and on every blessed yard arm—particularly if the cats have got the notion that the top-hamper of the ship belongs to them, and that every man who goes aloft is trying to catch them. The moment a man's head came over the edge of the top he'd get two or three pairs of claws right in his face, and the wonder was that every man Jack didn't lose his eyes. If you laid out on a yard for any purpose, there would be a cat waiting for you, and she'd swear and claw at you till you was glad to give it up and slide down by a backstay, singing out that you were half killed. Why, there was three of the heaviest and best fighters of the lot—wild toms that had been champion fighters along the wharves—that took possession of the main topgallant yard, and for three days we couldn't furl that sail, though it was blowing altogether too hard for any prudent man to carry it. When the halyards were let go, and the sail hauled up, the cats sat in the slings of the yard and waited for the men to come up and furl the sail. There was no knocking them off the yard, for they'd hang on with their claws and teeth like grim death. Whenever a man tried to get on the foot-rope they were ready for him, and let him have it right in the eyes. The end of it was that the men refused to go on the yard, and we had to hoist the yard up, and sheet the sail home to prevent it from being lashed into ribbons.

The old man was the only one who wasn't in a rage with the cats. He said that the poor animals were only having a little innocent play, and that as soon as they got used to the ship they would be as gentle and polite as so many women. Perhaps they would have been, had they been fed properly, but as it turned out there wasn't any proper food for them. The only fresh meat we had on board was three or four pigs and about a dozen chickens, and the old man wouldn't have any of them killed for the first fortnight, because, as he said,

IT WASN'T SAFE TO BE ON DECK AT NIGHT WITHOUT A LANTERN IN ONE HAND AND A BELAYING-PIN IN THE OTHER

he had so much fresh meat ashore that he was tired of it and wanted nothing better than salt horse. Now, a cat will eat most anything that isn't salt, but hates salt worse than poison. But salt pork one day, and salt beef the other day, were all the provisions the Captain would serve out to the cats. He said that what was good enough for him and his officers and men was good enough for cats, and if the cats didn't like it, they could turn to and catch rats. That sounded fair enough, but the truth was that there wasn't a rat on board. They had all bolted in Boston as soon as they realized that we were filling up with cats.

"What with being half-starved, besides feeling themselves insulted by being offered salt meat, those cats got more and more savage every day. It wasn't safe to be on deck at night without a lantern in one hand and a belaying pin in the other, for you were liable to have a cat jump out at you any minute, and carry off a piece of your leg or your head. They stole into the forecastle, and tried to bite the watch below, so that the men didn't dare to go to sleep without setting one man to guard the hatchway. After we had been about three weeks out, and had just passed the line, owing to having had fresh breezes on the port or starboard quarter ever since leaving port, the men came aft, all hands of them, in the first dog watch, and told the old man that they'd had all the cat they could stand, and that it was the wish of all hands that he'd heave the cats overboard. The old man was as sweet as new milk. He told the men that the conduct of the cats had been regular outrageous, and he gave them permission to heave every cat overboard then and there. You see, he knew what he was about. There was no catching any of those cats, as I said a little while ago, and giving the crew permission to heave them overboard, while it sounded reasonable, didn't amount to anything.

"After we passed the line we stood over toward the South American coast, so as to get the trade wind. The cats kept making their usual disturbance, and never seemed to sleep while there was the least chance for any mischief. Luckily the wind had been pretty steady after the first three or four days, and we didn't have much to do except to brace the yards up now and then. The men were terribly discontented, but they couldn't help themselves. You'll naturally ask why the Captain didn't shoot the cats. Perhaps he would have tried it if it hadn't been that he had nothing to shoot with. You see he was principled against carrying a revolver, and used to say that when he couldn't control his men by fair means he'd give up going to sea.

"We all came to the conclusion that there was nothing to be done but just to endure the cats until we got to Singapore, but the lookout wasn't a pleasant one. Those cats, as you might say, regularly besieged us, and we who lived aft never could leave the door of the companionway, or any side light that was near the mizzen chains, open for a minute, for fear that the cats would get down below. The old man had a bright idea one day. Says he to me: 'Mr. Baker, those cats are actually more than a Christian man is required to bear. I've made up my mind to poison them.'

"'All right,' says I. 'I'm glad to hear it. But where are you going to get your poison from?'

"'Ain't there a medicine chest in the cabin?' says he. 'And ain't medicines mostly poison? I'll give them all a dose of horse salts to-night, and we'll see what that will do for them.'

"Now, it's one thing to give a sailor medicine, and another thing to serve it out to a cat. A sailor has a natural taste for medicine, and will take anything you give him, from salts up to castor oil—but a cat has more sense. The old man left pannikins of salts in all three of the tops that night, and calculated that the majority of the cats would be dead before morning, but they never turned a hair. Not one of them would touch the salts, so we had to give up the idea of poisoning them.

"We'd been out of Boston just about five weeks when the cats began to go mad. There wasn't any doubt that either the salt food or something else had given them the hydrocephalus, as those scientific doctors call it. Any way mad they were, and behaved accordingly. They fought among themselves; they tried to bite every man who came within reach, and they rushed up and down the deck and up and down the rigging, yelling and cursing and spitting as if they didn't believe there was any hereafter, and didn't care whether there was or not.

"Pretty soon the men understood what was the matter with the cats—which they found out through the second mate being foolish enough to tell them; I don't want to say anything against the second mate, but it can't be denied he was young, and when a man is young he is naturally foolish. I was foolish myself when I was a young man, and I don't doubt that you were, too—begging your pardon, and not meaning any offense. Well, when the men knew that the cats had gone mad they were dead sure that they would all go mad, too, most of them having been chewed up considerable since the cats first came aboard, and it being well known that the bite of a mad animal is certain death. The Captain did his best to quiet them by telling them that if they were bound to go mad there was no help for it, there being no medicine that could do them any good, and, consequently, the best thing they could do was to say their prayers regular and do their duty to him and the owners.

"I judged that he made a mistake in this. He ought to have told them that he had a medicine which was a certain cure for hydrocephalus, and then he ought to have ladled salts into them, with, say, a little tar mixed in with it to give it a flavor, and then the men would probably have been satisfied. But there's the inconvenience of not being able to tell a lie! I can't really blame the Captain for it, but it would have been a sight handier if the Natchez had happened to have a Captain who was a first-class liar, and could have quieted the men down, and avoided any serious trouble with them.

"I don't say that I wasn't mightily afraid of those cats myself, for I never liked the idea of going mad, and to go mad in consequence of a cat was more aggravating than it would have been if the cats had been dogs. I never went on deck without a heavy bit of wood in my hand, and when I saw a cat coming my way I generally went the other way in double-quick time. Two of the men were caught by the mad cats, and the way they were bit up was a sight. Finally the men broke into open mutiny, and swore they would sleep below in the fo'c's'le till the Captain would promise to put into the nearest Brazilian port, which was then only about 300 miles to leeward. The old man gave in and promised, for there was nothing else for him to do, and we braced up on the starboard tack and headed for Pernambuco. The men seemed to be more or less satisfied, but that night, soon after the second mate came on deck in the middle watch, I having gone below and the old man taking all night in, three or four of them jumped on him from behind as he was leaning over the rail, and gagged him and made him fast to the wheel. Then they tossed some provisions and a breaker of water into one of the quarter boats, and having backed the maintopsail, the breeze being light at the time, they got into the boat, all hands of them, and lowered away, and that was the last that any man ever saw or heard of them.

"The men had worked so quietly that neither the Captain nor I woke up, but after a while the old man, happening to awake and look at the compass over his berth, saw the ship was heading about north, and knew that something was wrong. So he rushed on deck and loosed the second mate, and told him to call all hands. There was nobody to call except the carpenter and me and the nigger cook and the cabin-boy, but when we were all mustered on deck we braced the yards up again, and put her on her course. The second mate was wild with anger and fright, for several times while he was bound hand and foot and couldn't help himself, or even sing out, cats had come up and investigated him, but curious as it may seem, nobody bit him. I calculate that this was on account of the tobacco that he used to use, which was the worst that I ever smelt. Anyway, it showed the advantages of using tobacco, and I've often thought of it when my wife talked to me about the evils of smoking.

"In three days' time we ran into Pernambuco, and the minute the ship was fast to the quay the cats bolted. They went along that quay like a streak of black and tabby lightning, and the natives ran and yelled that a whole regiment of devils had been let loose on them. We never saw any more of those cats, though I did read in the Boston papers after we got back to Boston that an epidemic of hydrocephalus had broken out at Pernambuco, and that the people were that scared they were leaving the town.

"We shipped a new crew—and a scaly lot of Dagos they were—and pursued our voyage to Singapore and Canton. I never mentioned cats once to the old man, for I could see that he was a good deal cut up about the failure of his speculation; but one day, while we were lying at Singapore, he said: 'Mr. Baker, you warned me not to put my trust in cats, and I laughed you to scorn. You were right, and I beg your pardon. Cats are an irreligious and an unscrupulous animal, and no Christian man, let alone a Christian sailor, ought to have any dealings with them.'

The New Mother Goose
By Guy Wetmore Carryl

The Wandering Propensities of the Garrulous Gander

A GANDER dwelt upon a farm
And no one could resist him.
And had he died, such was his charm,
His master would have missed him.
His cheerful hissing day by day,
His scorn for any loud display,
Would win your heart in such a way
You almost could have kissed him.

This bird was always nosing 'round,
It may as well be stated,
Wherever open doors he found
They were investigated.
He loved to poke, he loved to peek;
In every knot-hole, so to speak,
He quickly thrust his prying beak,
For what was hid he hated.

The farm exhausted. "Now," said he,
"My policy's expansion.
When one's convinced how things should be,
The proper course one can't shun."
His mind made up he followed it,
Relying on his native wit,
And soon had wandered, bit by bit,
Through all his master's mansion.

"At least," said he, "it's not my fault
If everything's not seen to.
I've been from garret down to vault,
And also in the lean-to,
And everywhere I've chanced to stop,
A supervising glance to drop,
I've looked below, I've looked on top,
Behind, and in between, too!"

One thing alone he found to blame,
And thus his time he squandered.
For, seeing not the farmer's dame,
Into her room he wandered
And mounting lightly on the bed,
"Why, bless my careful soul!" he said,
"These pillows are as hard as lead.
Now, how comes that?" he pondered.

The farmer's dame, for half an hour
Had watched the fowl meander
And, finding him within her power,
She leaped upon the gander.
"Why, how-de-do, my gander coy?"
She shouted. "What will be my joy
To dream to-night on you, my boy!"
(This was no baseless slander.)

For with a stoutish piece of string
Securely was this fool tied,
And by a leg and by a wing
Unto an oaken stool tied:
And, pinning towels around her gown,
She plucked him with relentless frown,
And stuffed the pillows with his down,
And served him up for Yuletide.

The moral is: When you explore,
Don't try to be superior.
Be cautious, and retire before
Your safety grows inferior.
'Tis best to stay upon the coast,
Or some day you will be like most
Of all that brave exploring host
Who've gone to the interior.

An Idyllic Breakfast

RICHARD WHITING, who is still rather the London celebrity of the moment, does not exactly write immortal verse, but people are still talking of his novel, No. 5 John Street, and wondering what his next book will be like. His is a personality that would not lose a particle of its charm even if one did know what his favorite recreations are, which he has never been weak enough to disclose. At the present moment recreation has a delicious significance for him, for, having at last severed a connection of many years with the Daily News, he is realizing what it means to be a bondsman no longer.

"I go to bed at twelve and rise with the lark," he was heard to say to a friend the other day with a twinkle.

"The London lark?" inquired the friend rather unkindly.

"I don't know," answered the great man, chuckling, "but it is the lark that gets down to a ten o'clock breakfast."

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The Absent-Minded Beggar

JOHN BULL and his absent-minded beggars are becoming just a bit of a bore. No one seriously objects to the gentle looting of the "smart set" for any mildly charitable object that may appeal to its snobbishness as promising a fair return in notoriety at home or dinner invitations in England. Nor, though it is a matter to be weighed more seriously, can one carp loudly at the Americans who are contributing their coppers that wells may be driven and corn-laden ships sent out to relieve thirsty and starving India—a British dependency and trust. For despite the qualifying millions of Teutons, Slavs and Latins that Europe has discharged on these shores since England sent its first lean handful of Puritans, there is more than a dash of British blood in our veins. And because of this we have half forgotten our earlier fights and later quarrels, and entered into a pact of friendship.

A sweet and beautiful thing is friendship, but it implies reciprocity. And so it would seem to be eminently proper at this time for Mr. Markham to descend from Parnassus and write a little rag time lyric, dedicated to the absent minded friend and brother and—beggar—across the seas, reminding him that it would be a graceful thing to inaugurate a series of pink teas and parti-colored concerts for the American fighter in the far East. With it could go a consignment of actresses and "society leaders" to try their blandishments on the Lion. And then, through British press and pulpit an appeal might be made for starving Cuba and tornado swept and tariff harried Puerto Rico. For while friendship is a very sweet and beautiful thing, its essence is reciprocity, and a final test is the pocketbook. And Great Britain should at least have the chance of proving herself, even though those of us who have had experience of international charity—as exemplified in the old ocean steamer concert, where Americans gave the money and British orphans got it—have small hope of collecting anything in England for American charities and colonies, except with a shotgun.

We look for universal peace, but will common sense ever win its war against fashion?

Our Immediate Responsibilities

IT IS the custom of some people to escape for a while from a sense of their own responsibilities by concerning themselves with the affairs of their neighbors, and a number of Europeans are consuming much ink and paper by expressing doubt as to the ability of the United States to manage the lands and peoples that have come under the American flag in the last two years. The doubters remind the world that we have no colonial office, no system of colonial government, nor any class of men trained and qualified to rule races that are not of our own blood, so what is to become of the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico and their peoples, and, incidentally, what is to become of us while we are experimenting?

We might retort by saying that pots shouldn't call kettles black, for no nation in Europe has any dependencies of which it has great reason to be proud, nor has any of them acquired firm hold of any conquered territory except by much slaughter and other abuse of the natives, nor of any territory of which the remaining natives do not dislike the ruling country.

The most successful of the colonial powers is Great Britain, who is intensely hated by all India and has disgraced herself unremittingly in Ireland for more than two centuries. The only dependencies creditable to British rule are those in which the home government allows the people entire freedom in the management of their own affairs, but the plan did not originate in England; it was adapted from the States Rights system which was elaborated by the aggregation of colonies that declared themselves free and independent on July 4, 1776.

Holland's labor exactions have made her disliked by the people of Java.

Spain has slaughtered, robbed and failed contemptibly wherever she set foot, and the other South European nations have been uniformly incompetent as managers of "annexed" countries.

As for Germany, the newest aspirant to [illegible] seems to have learned little or nothing from the [illegible] her predecessors.

But let all that pass. Regarding our new dependencies, we shall do as we have done in the many new and unexpected experiences of our short, but eventful, national career—that is, we shall meet our responsibilities bravely, promptly and honestly. Thus far we have lived up to the principle that what should be done shall be done, and we have never failed to find the men and the means with which to do it. Fortunately we have purged our blood of the insular, and also exasperating, affectation of superiority to all peoples acquired by conquest or otherwise, we are destitute of the insolence and arrogance which have been the most visible features of German attempts at colonization, and we have no trace of the rage for murder, theft and oppression that has blackened the colonial records of all South European peoples.

Congress may be slow, uncertain and stupid at times, but our military and civil representatives in the new countries are not.

The first great duty of conquerors and colonizers is to disarm suspicion, and the second is to win the respect and esteem of the conquered. We began both in Cuba, even before the war ended, by establishing free hospitals for the sick and feeding the hungry, making no distinction between Spaniards and Cubans. We did it by hurrying thousands of tons of food to Puerto Rico when a hurricane made the people destitute. In scores of cities and towns of the Philippines the smoke of our skirmishers' rifles was still in the air when Lawton, MacArthur and other commanders called the non-combatant natives together, requested them to form local governments and assured them of sympathy and protection. Not a penny of the revenues of any of the islands has been sent to the United States, or expended upon our army or navy, or used for the benefit of any American. There have been no executions, no confiscations, no forced loans or forced labor, no increase of taxes, no personal abuse nor any meddling with personal affairs.

To govern peoples who are uniformly well treated has never been a difficult task, so we may yet astonish our critics by showing that we need no special increase of skill to fit us for managing our new dependencies to their benefit and our own credit.

—JOHN HARRISON.

A man may lose time by going slowly, but if he keeps on he will get there.

A National Park at Lake Itasca

AFTER all, unselfishness abounds; the rarity is the man who believes this, accepts it as a working basis, and organizes the scattered forces of altruism that exist unconscious, for the most part, of their own abundance and strength. The number of sunrays is infinite; they merely await the burning glass that shall bring them to focus.

All this shows forth clearly enough in the movement lately set on foot for a national park at Lake Itasca—a matter that is presently to engage the attention of Congress itself.

A private gentleman in Chicago, professional man and sportsman, conceived, as the result of several fishing trips to the head waters of the Mississippi, the idea of rescuing the Minnesota forests from the unscrupulous devastations of rapacious lumbermen, and of securing the last remaining great tract of primeval Nature in the Mississippi Valley for the perpetual use and pleasure of the whole American people. And with a single-minded enthusiasm that the simile of the burning glass but faintly typifies he set to work.

Only at the very beginning were doubters and cynics met, and these but few. "What is there in it for you, for me?" asked the puzzled self-seeker, his eyes still fixed from long habit on the main chance—asked, only to be ashamed of his own question: there was nothing in it for anybody—except everybody. And everybody arose gratefully to the occasion. Here was a chance for generosity, for disinterestedness, even for unabashed sentiment.

A pause came in the drear grinding of the wheels of profit. A copious dew of altruism suddenly descended upon the arid and stubbly fields of mere dollar-getting, and everybody seemed gratified and refreshed.

A working organization was rapidly effected—Congress should view the field in person. North, South, East, West and Northwest were all represented in the roster of officers—college presidents, jurists, foresters, representatives in the State and National Legislatures, men high in commercial and professional life.

Congress came—at least a notable part of it—and spent a week in the woods. There were charges to meet, bills to foot. The railways, whose heads were frankly approached in the spirit of sentiment, did all gratuitously and almost unurged. Publicity was essential. The proprietors of the newspapers in Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, addressed as men not yet lost to grace, promoted the plan with unlimited allowances of space, and the manager of the Associated Press lent his great engine to celebrate the excursion to the widest. Hospitality was desired. The Boards of Trade and the Women's Clubs of the Twin Cities came forward with open hands—and with open minds and hearts as well. Even the great lumbermen acknowledged the merits of the cause and cordially cooperated, and the more rustic and reluctant of Northwestern statesmen were brought to the line by the gentle push of public sentiment.

The plan is up to Congress. There is nothing to say [illegible]; everything for it. If naught else were to result, the [illegible] closure of so widespread and disinterested a generosity as has accompanied these endeavors should be a satisfaction to all associated in them, and a sufficient reward to the originator of the enterprise. He has helped to make it plainer that we stand on the threshold of a better day and are beginning, as a people, to breathe a higher and purer air.

—HENRY B. FULLER

Every park added to city or nation is a new breathing place for crowded humanity.

The Heroism of Woman

IT IS easy to believe, in the noble yet wretched tragedy which is being enacted in South Africa, the statement that the Boer women in the last struggles of the fight for home and freedom will take their places in the trenches. Without in any way slighting history under other forms of government, it is nevertheless true that there is something in Republican institutions that brings the flower of womanhood into its finest bloom. There have been heroines and great ones upon thrones and in the shadows of monarchies, but all of them put together, with all the frills and trumpery of regal romance, do not and can not equal the female figures that stand forth in the pages of liberty.

We have had it in this country, and in every war woman has done her part. From Molly Pitcher of the Revolution down there has been an unbroken list of heroines. If it had not been for the great patience and enthusiasm of the women, that most wonderful of conflicts in the world's history, the Civil War in America, would not have lasted nearly as long as it did.

And it is not only in great things that woman shows her nerve. The other day in Naples two Boston ladies were leaving a shop. A man seized the purse of one of them, whereupon she took him by the throat, gave him a good [illegible]mmed him upon the ground, recovered her prop[illegible]en in her cool New England way told him to move on. We can scarcely pick up any newspaper without finding a story of a woman capturing a burglar, stopping a runaway, or doing something of the instant sort that is the very essence of nerve; and we should not forget in this imperfect category the Connecticut widow who, although dreadfully afraid of mice, upon finding a lion from Mr. Barnum's show in one of the stalls of her stable, deliberately whipped the beast away and sent him cowering down the road.

But this is really not the best test after all. When Kimberley and Ladysmith were relieved it was rumored that although the women had undergone great privation, great suffering and great anxiety, not one of them had uttered a word of complaint. The same story was told from the Boer langers. The men might have their faultfinding, but from the women on either side not a single syllable of dissatisfaction was heard. Doctor Robinson used to say, "There are times when God asks nothing of His children except silence, patience and tears." These are indeed the supreme moments and in those crises woman is high over all. Heroism of the battle is aided by the delirium of the conflict, but in the long, dreary hours of waiting, when there is no excitement to help, no active replying to stimulate, the quality of character that can endure quietly and resignedly represents the very highest bravery that human nature is capable of, and in this greater heroism woman has almost a monopoly. It was a Frenchman who said, "Women are ever in extremes; they are either better or worse than men." In their heroism they are always better.

It is very difficult to get away from the familiar ultimatum of George Eliot that "the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history." But there are times when we can doubt this, for with all her suffering and all her tenderness, the true woman finds joy in the greater things of life and she knows more every year how much she is the inspiration of every great movement in civilization. Individually the men wear the laurels. The generals weighed down with medals march at the head of their hosts, but behind it all is the sweet womanly patience that makes a man a hero whether he wants to be one or not, and that looks at death with a clear eye and a smile on the face.

George William Curtis said that the test of civilization is the estimate of woman, and, knowing that this is true, we may feel that in spite of all other defects of the wars that are trampling upon human rights and offending the will of God; in spite of our own shortcomings and weak purposes, the constant progress and upward movement of womanhood in all parts of the world is the true measure, the real hope of mankind.

By this criterion we are getting a better opinion of the world than by wars and commercial reports. There was something noble in the way Lord Roberts received the surrender of General Cronjé, just as there was in the meeting at Appomattox between Grant and Lee a quarter of a century before. But somehow the thing that touched even more deeply was the message of sympathy which the Queen of England sent to the widow of General Joubert. It was another proof of the fact that women are better in the higher things of life, for it touched the tender chords which seem to be beyond man's reach.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

At the English Capital

THOSE Americans who are in the habit of coming across the Atlantic to join in the gayeties of the London season will perhaps do well to stay away this year. There will be no season, as season is understood. Already a large number of our society people are in mourning, and those who have been so fortunate as to escape quite realize the h[illegible] that lies before the British Army. A sadness is over the United Kingdom, a great sadness and a heavy anxiety.

In these circumstances it is not to be supposed that London should be gay. At every turn the mighty change is to be noticed. The theatres are doing no business, the pantomime season has been a flat failure, on every hand those who have money to spend are sending it to the innumerable war funds that have been opened, there is little dining out, there are no dances. There is no lack of prosperity in the country—workshops are as busy as ever—but those businesses which depend on frivolity or vanity for their support, such as the great shops of Regent Street, are doing no trade.

The shadow of Continental complications has combined with the shadow of the South African difficulty to darken the land, to make men more serious and women more sad. The Queen, it is well known, has been deeply distressed. She has reached an old age, and for long years has prayed for peace to reign until her closing day. Even at this late hour it is not definitely known whether or no Her Majesty will allow the customary Drawing-Rooms to be held, although it is said that, solely in the interest of those West End tradesmen who are passing through so harsh a time, she will sanction two Drawing Rooms, at neither of which will she personally appear. She will receive the Diplomatic Corps later in the year. No, London is not likely to be a cheerful city this spring and early summer.

The Scorching Wit of Tommy A.

IF ONLY the swarm of letters from the front that reach England could be collected, what interesting human documents they would be! The newspapers get possession of [illegible] but they are chiefly from private soldiers, and Tommy Atkins' idea of humor is not of the highest. Officers do not care to see their letters in print at all, and have serious objections to allowing their names to be connected with such communications as do see the light. Thus, most of the amusing incidents of a campaign—grim enough for the greater part—do not come to the notice of the public.

Two letters that I have seen contained some good things. One was from an officer in Ladysmith who managed to get it through the iron circle that ringed that unfortunate Natal town. He wrote that, passing along a street, he beheld a private with a huge stone in his uplifted hand, ready to smash it at a rat that was trying for some food. Just as the stone was about to leave the hand a cockney Sergeant Major bawled out: "'Old 'ard, there! Let the bloomin' rat grow fat; we'll want 'im later."

The other letter was from an officer who survived the blistering day at Magersfontein. It will be remembered that a portion of the troops lay out there on the parched, sun baked plain for many hours, unable to get forward or back, and without a drop of water to wet their lips. The officer, who is a very rich man, was lying with his men, his tongue swollen for want of water, when a Tommy, genial ever, wearily turned his grinning face to the officer, slid his hand up, touched his cap and said: "Beg pardon, sir; but 'ave you the price o' a drink about ye?" "When I heard that London cadger expression out there," wrote the officer, "I thought of my estate, securities and every penny in the world that I possess; I said to myself I'd be jolly glad to lump them all together for one cool quart of water, but I realized that, in fact, I had *not* 'the price o' a drink.'"

The Exit of the Old Aristocracy

THE world has lost an eccentric character in the death of the Marquis of Queensberry. He was one of the old sort of aristocrats—the sort that predominated in the eighteenth century, but which has all but disappeared in England. He cared no fig for popular opinion; good reputation was nothing to him; he said what he thought, did what he liked, associated with whom he pleased, and generally managed to shock the good people of these isles with a great big shock. He was a free thinker, and did not care who knew it; he loved prize-fighting, and, indeed, there lived no finer judge of the noble art of self defense, nor any one who personally knew more amateur and professional fighters than Queensberry. The rules which he drew up for the governing of fights are in operation wherever fists fly.

Eight years ago, when Tennyson's rather flabby drama, The Promise of May, was put on at the Globe Theatre, Lord Queensberry added a scene of his own to the play by suddenly arising in the stalls and denouncing the character Tennyson had drawn of a free thinker. The noble Lord could use language when he tried, and on this occasion he did not spare his brother Lord, the Poet Laureate. He roundly declared the whole affair an abominable caricature.

He was twice married, and each wife again freed him by way of the divorce court. One of his sons, Lord Sholto Douglas, will be well remembered in America owing to what was here considered his strange marriage.

Treating of Mr. Astor and the Prince

THERE has lately appeared in the London newspapers a cablegram from New York stating that the Prince of Wales coerced Mr. William Waldorf Astor into handing one of the war funds with a five thousand pound donation. Don't you believe it. The thing is absurd on the face of it.

The Prince has other things to do than to coerce any one to contribute anything. His Royal Highness is a rare good beggar when money is wanted for any charity, but he does not use his social position to force unwilling contributions, if he did his life would soon become unbearable. As matters stand he has a hard enough row to hoe in opening buildings and bazars, and listening day after day to absurd addresses from all sorts of civic nonentities, and so is right glad to have a circle of friends to retire to, among whom he can cast social rank aside and breathe easily. I believe Mr. Astor is counted one of those friends.

Besides all this, Mr. Astor is no fool. He is living the unostentatious life of a country gentleman over here; he makes no attempts to flash his millions in the eyes of the British public, and is in every way proving himself a good citizen.

Possibly few Americans who visit London know Mr. Astor's estate office, although the building is quite one of the most beautiful, architecturally considered, in London. Mr. Astor secured a choice niche of ground fronting upon the Embankment, and immediately beside the Inner Temple, so rich in associations and so honeycombed with quaint passages and turnings. On this plot he had a dainty building erected, which harmonizes admirably with its historic and architectural surroundings. Around this is one of the most beautiful wrought-iron fences to be seen anywhere, and altogether the building and accessories are well worth a visit by any one with an artistic eye. In that building, too, Mr. Astor has of late become accustomed to give choice little tea parties to his intimate friends. Many a good citizen has England given to America, so surely the great United States can afford to let us have one of her most renowned citizens for a change.

British Scholarship Under Boer Tuition

WHEN General Buller was chosen to lead in South Africa, and before he had sailed, I wrote to The Saturday Evening Post that he was a man who believed in hard knocks and that there would be little *finesse* about his generalship—that he would lead his men against the front of the foe and trust to their courage and relish for slogging to pull him through. This was done, but we find out that against modern arms courage does not count for much as it formerly did.

In olden days when Tommy could get within two hundred yards of his enemy without coming under fire, his officers could trust him to do the sprint, and, as Tommy hath it, to "get among 'em", but no man can sprint a mile and a half. So we'll simply have to cultivate "slimness." The Ladysmith garrison had plenty of time to think matters over, and as a result there were played some few tricks almost worthy of the Boers themselves. One night a party of soldiers obtained permission, and, under cover of darkness, slipped to a neighboring kopje, and built a rough fort. Then they retired. When morning dawned the Boers espied the fort, and at a considerable waste of good shells shattered the fort. When the guns ceased to fire an ambulance party scudded to the "fort" and returned with some of the party's own men in the stretchers as "killed and wounded."

Next night the fort was rebuilt, and again the Boers demolished it. But by the third morning the Boers had discovered the "slim" dodge, and simply heliographed congratulations to Sir George White's men, telling them that they were getting on, and, if they could hold out long enough, under Boer tuition would undoubtedly develop into pretty fair soldiers.

Mr. Winans' First Suit of Clothes

I DO NOT know just how many years ago Mr. Winans shook the dust of America from his feet and betook himself over here to corner our deer forests, raise Cain with our Scottish crofters, run all our revolver-shooting championships, import and popularize trotting horses, and otherwise spend his money in his own way. His flitting from America must have taken place about twenty years ago, I should think.

Mr. Winans is a serious, eccentric man, and is not given to grinning, but the other day he grinned. He received a most politely written letter from a West End tailor, the opening sentence of it running as follows: "We note your arrival in this country, and doubtless during your stay you will require a tailor." Even the Government, which does not note things any too soon, noted Mr. Winans' arrival two decades ago, when his deer forest escapade almost upset the country, and as Mr. Winans intends to reside permanently in England he quite agrees with the tailor that the chances are that during his stay he *will* require clothes.—E. W. Sabin.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

[illegible] Saturday Evening Post

[illegible] is an individual reason for the dislike of drudgery shown by those who have been educated and have learned to think.

All drudgery and common work are generally done by ignorant people, and for that reason a kind of stigma attaches to all who do it. But it is not that alone. It is the mental isolation and the loneliness that it brings.

When through books you have learned to see anew every flower and insect, every pebble in your way, and you have learned from great minds to think and reason about the minds around you and the universe, and your lot in life is cast with those to whom all this is as though it did not exist, you feel so much alone that you will try every means to escape it.

Speaking from individual experience: I could not name one of my acquaintances who could or would appreciate an essay of Emerson's or a poem by Tennyson; as for Spinoza, Kant, Mill, etc., they do not even know that these ever existed. I never could persuade any one of them to read even Dickens, Scott or George Eliot. Some read The Duchess, Bertha Clay, etc.—that is, the girls: the young men don't read anything.

One can do all the drudgery and take pride in doing it well, and then take down a favorite author and lose one's self in thought with Spinoza or Tennyson, or follow the psychological analysis of one of George Eliot's characters.

Books are very good friends, but you [illegible] interests for living, thinking friends also, and in an environment [illegible] drudgery and common work they are rarely found.

Unfortunately, the very fact that you do common work closes you out from contact with refined, educated people, because, socially as well as financially, you cannot be of their class, and nothing is left but to remain alone and adapt yourself to your environment, or strain every energy to get out of your environment and do the work that will give you a chance to come in contact with educated people. And this cannot always be done, as you may have parents and relations in consideration for whom you must remain where you are.

I know quite a number of people who believe the sky is a solid roof and that Heaven is immediately above it, and who believe in witches. They are Democrats or Republicans, Roman Catholics or Protestants, just as their parents before them. They have never learned to think and do not feel any necessity to strive toward the realization of any ideals, because they have none.

Any one of these who ever learns to reason and think, and yet is compelled to go on with the drudgery, would not object to the work if there were intelligent minds with whom to discuss matters and exchange ideas. It is then that one longs intensely for the realization of Bellamy's theories, where all would work and all would be educated. It is these common minds who learn to think and yet are compelled to keep on with the drudgery and ignorance around them that are at the beginnings of revolutions and reforms.

If all were educated the drudgery would still have to be done, only it would be done by educated people, and consequently better methods of doing it would be evolved; and if educated people could be found to do it the stigma would pass off from it.

M. M. Reilman

Editor Saturday Evening Post

[illegible] reason why the young man fails is a lack of appreciation and [illegible] interest from his employer in the way of a just reward for his [illegible] and his own realization of his poor pay and his employer's or his employer's manager's selfishness and neglect of him.

Here are a few examples: A young man works day and night every day in the year, and often without vacation or any hours of recreation, using every personal effort and contributing by his ability and partly to his employer's interest and success, never failing to do work after customary hours or favors of any kind if asked by his employer or required by his manager—all the year trying to assist and forward the interest of his employer. When the end of the year comes and the year's business is figured up, and the employer finds he has shown an increase of twenty-five to fifty per cent., he will swell up and tell his friends of his success, and in his office will express his selfish pleasure at such a happy state of affairs and expect h[illegible] gleefully to congratulate him. It never seems to occur to him they could enter into his pleasure a little more heartily if he would voluntarily go to them and say: "My success has been fine this year. All of have worked hard, and I wish to show my appreciation of your efforts by an increase in salary—in other words, I wish to divide the success and rewards with the man or men who have helped me make it."

But instead of this, too often the manager is called and is told that by rearrangement and putting more work on those retained two or three employees may be cut out and the expense lessened. If in some special or isolated case a salary is raised some pitiful amount it is done so begrudgingly. All incentive to continued good exertion is killed.

Again: A young man may work all day and one half the night and keep it up all through the busy season, and some morning on account of lack of sleep be five minutes late. His employer tells him if he wants to keep his position he will have to get there on time. Or if he should ask for twenty minutes to go and attend to some urgent personal matter he is told that such matter must be attended to outside of work or office hours, and office hours or work hours are from 7:30 or 8 o'clock A. M. to as late as you can stand up or keep your eyes open. In the very next breath the same employer will ask this same employee to do something outside of hours and dismiss him if, for any reason, he refuses.

One could write page after page of this unfairness and the majority of employers would have to recognize the truth. And yet the young man is asked to watch closely and conscientiously his employer's interest to become competent and valuable in it. He may do so for a while until, year by year, he sees it is of no use, and grows cognizant of the fact that the employer has but little disposition to be fair or appreciative, and that he is expected to work as hard and as long as possible for as little return as possible. Can you expect the majority to adopt any tactics other than those suggested by the employers—to take every advantage possible?

Never while the sun shines will the employee stop watching the clock and become truly interested, and quit the hypocrisy of pretending to be interested that he may hold his livelihood, until he gets a reasonable and just return for the interest and efforts he puts forth. This lack of fairness breeds incompetency, and while it is, in a way, a great loss to the employed, the employer also greatly feels it, for the more competent and cooperative his organization the greater his possibil[illegible]

James L. Curtis

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, April, 1900

GOETHE tells us that "fools are never uneasy"; furthermore, that "uneasiness is a species of sagacity." This is certainly of great moment to me, for I have been uneasy almost to the point of panic, and my consolation is that if his saying be true my uneasiness not only smacks of sagacity but of downright prescience, and it is all because of this miserable Puerto Rican business and Robert's recent vote in the House thereon. This precious bill, which has twisted and turned so many times that the beholder rubs his eyes and asks, as did the bewildered Congressman, "Where am I at?" bids fair to become a regular Old Man of the Sea, not only around the neck of the public, but around the neck of the individual as well. In looking back over the past few weeks a good deal of light has dawned upon me, and I can see that Robert has been troubled and anxious ever since he voted, and I now recall that when the bill was first sprung upon the House he was emphatically against it, but, nevertheless, he voted for it. I also recall that immediately he began to receive letters from his district and from his State protesting against his vote, and that in our principal home newspaper, the Spruce City Flapjack, Robert was being roasted, almost burned in effigy. The Flapjack, of course, is not to be respected nor taken seriously, for it has ever been noted for being on any side of any question that would be to its own advantage, or even on both sides, for like the genuine flapjack for which it is named, it can be browned on one side nicely, then turned dexterously over and browned on the other, so that both sides look equally fair. But when it accuses Robert of having been influenced from high quarters by the promise of unlimited patronage if he would vote to tax the Puerto Ricans, this is too much, and Robert has packed his bag and gone to Spruce City to reckon with the Flapjack. Just what he expects to accomplish I know not. I said to him as he was leaving:

"What do you mean to do out there?"

"I mean to see State Senator Z——, and Mr. A——, of the lower House."

I was startled by this and exclaimed:

"Why, Robert, it cannot be necessary to explain yourself to the Legislature—unless——"

"That is just it, Agatha, unless——"

We were both silent. We both understood that unless Robert's vote could be explained satisfactorily to the Legislature and the rumpus in the State quieted, when the Senatorial vacancy should occur, in 1901, Robert John Slocum would not be the choice of that Legislature to come to the United States Senate. I said uneasily:

Robert, tell me, it is not true that you were dragooned into voting as you did? And it is not true that you were promised unlimited patronage if you would vote for the bill, is it?

"Agatha, my vote was not coerced by anything beyond argument that was convincing to me. I voted as I thought was right at the time. The Flapjack has ever been against me. You must not pay attention to its——"

"Oh, I'm not uneasy because of what the Flapjack says, Robert, but I have been uneasy, in the light of all this clamor, when I remember how many times you were closeted with Mr. Blank and with Senator X——, and when I remember the mysterious way you were sent for to attend a secret conclave which lasted more than twenty-four hours, from which you emerged troubled and anxious. All this comes back to me with force and makes me remind you that 'a straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.'"

MR. PROCTOR IS ONE OF THE LONG-HEADED, WISE MEN IN THE SENATE

"I'm perfectly willing to stand upon my vote before my constituents. I did what I thought right for the party and I've made up my mind to face the music."

"A Spanish proverb sayeth, 'When a fool has made up his mind the market has gone by.'"

Robert laughed out at this and went speeding away to Spruce City, and I am left with uneasiness and doubt tugging at me, which not all the Lenten dinners, nor the Friday morning sewing class, nor the gossip about the new engagements, nor the ball in contemplation at the White House, nor Page's radiant, overflowing happiness can assuage. Page says that I take politics ridiculously to heart, but it is not politics in general, but Robert's in particular that I am taking to heart. I was trying the other day, in looking around upon the House and Senate, to find comfort in the reflection that among the older members of both branches of Congress there were various ones whom I could count who have not found their way there, nor kept their places there, by either trading or dickering, but their number was not so very large. In conversation with Senator P—— I alluded to him the result of my observations, accompanied by some trenchant comments thereon. Senator P—— answered in a way which gave me a new view:

"You are still trying to get to the heart of the great American mystery, I see, Mrs. Slocum? But in order to do this you must brush aside the Utopian idea that a representative government is any better than the society it represents. You must see things as they are, not as you think they ought to be. You cannot expect legislators to be either better or worse than the society for whom they legislate, for it would not be really worth while to be any better, and they could not possibly be any worse." He laughed cynically, and then added:

"Washington said that 'it ought to be the end of all government to promote the aggregate happiness of society, and that is best done by the practice of a virtuous policy.' This might almost be so, perhaps, if it is virtuous policy were the demand of a virtuous society, but——

"Your belief would be, 'purify society and you purify government,' then? I don't believe it; why not go at it the other way and begin with government first?" I asked.

"That would be an artificial means and would invite defeat," he said emphatically.

But I could not see it the way Senator P—— did, and I said as much:

"I cannot see that society or the social structure is directly to blame for the buying up of Legislatures which induce the scandals of these contested cases. I cannot see that it is responsible for the dickering and trading in our national honor. I cannot see that it necessitates——"

"Well," he interrupted, "I cannot see for my part any great line between the lavish use of money to unlock legislative doors and secure political preferment, and the lavish use of money to open smart doors and secure social preferment."

And this audacious and wily man, looking the picture of middle-aged innocence, smiled blandly into my face. What could I do? Get angry? Oh, no! He had carried the war into Africa and I was tickled by it. I laughed, but I got off the subject of political morals at once. I asked him why the compromise committee on the Puerto Rican bill had been made up with only one advocate of free trade on it in the person of Mr. Davis.

"Why did they not put Mr. Proctor on the committee? He is one of the long-headed, wise men in the Senate. Or why did they not put you on it?" I asked.

"Well, I suspect they were afraid of what they might get, as the negro minstrel was who was describing, with great show of bluster, an insult he had received. He was talking to the interlocutor thus: 'Why, sir, he up an' hit me on the haid with a tomatus.' 'And you courageously demanded instant satisfaction?' suggested the interlocutor. 'No, no, sir, I mought ha' got it, sir.' And if Proctor and I had been put on the committee, together with Davis, why you see what they might have got. So it was better to put Kean, Spooner, Hale, McMillan and Warren on."

"Especially as I understand that Mr. Kean offers to convert anybody to his way of thinking in five minutes, as he has an unanswerable argument in favor of a tariff, and another of the committee boasts of holding one and the same opinion with the President on the subject: if so, could anything be shrouded in a more impenetrable mystery?"

"Oh, well, they all talk that way; that's what they were selected for, and Hale, the Chesterfield of the Senate, is the most pronounced of the bunch. Though as to Hale, he is a mighty good fellow even if he has gone a bit wrong on these questions. I remember some years ago, when Hale's mother-in-law was building their handsome house, that he was awfully uneasy lest that same pretentious mansion should be the means of cutting off his Senatorial togs above the knees, and he's never got over the surprise of his escape; for even to this day there is a feeling among constituents that it is bad policy for a Senator to own a handsome house. Why, do you know, Mrs. Slocum, that when William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy, by way of injuring him his enemies had the whole of the War, State and Navy building photographed and distributed as pictures of Mr. Chandler's private residence? And poor Senator Van Wyck at one time had the misfortune to live in a corner house with similar houses radiating from it, and the whole corner as far as the camera could reach was sent out as a picture of his mansion.

"How abominable! but how, then, have ex-Senator Sherman and Senator Foraker escaped? They have two of the magnificent houses in Washington.'

"They haven't escaped," said the Senator grimly. "Nobody

SENATOR HALE'S RESIDENCE

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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

escapes. When Windom was Senator and built his home here, it cost him his reelection and ultimately was one of the causes of his early death. Perhaps you will begin to admit the justice of my standpoint of purifying society before you can hope to purify the Government, Mrs. Slocum

Perhaps so," I said doubtfully. But I had no idea of letting the Senator hark back to the morals of politics, so by way of diversion I spoke of being in the House the other day when the rubicund and rosy Mr. Wise of Virginia, was excluded from the floor

"I was looking on from the gallery and the order had scarcely been given to the doorkeeper when Mr. Wise promptly retreated to the cloakroom, thither he was pursued by the relentless doorkeeper, and the eager spectators expected to see him forced to emerge into the chamber again on his way to the door. Not so, however, for with the agility of an acrobat he sprang to the little window of the barbers' corner, pushed up the hasp, poised himself on the sill, then squeezed his portly proportions through the aperture Fancy the amazement of those who were promenading out in the long public corridor when they saw this object being projected into their midst, not knowing where he came from or what ailed him Once on his feet outside Mr Wise coolly resumed his cigar and awaited the verdict of his brother's contested case. I wish I could have seen him get through that window! It was disgraceful, but very funny. There ought to be some way of putting an end to these perpetually contested cases."

"There is a way to end them already in sight. The House has a resolution before it to abolish the $2000 which the Government allows for these contested cases. Very few contestants would care to come all the way here to make the fight if the expense came out of their own pockets Wise is himself an ex member, as you know, and a very witty man I heard him make a stump speech once when he was interrupted at almost every word by the most trivial questions from some hayseed, and at last, when he was all out of patience, he exclaimed, 'Now see here, my friend, do you suppose I came here for no other purpose than to chase ants up mullein stalks?' He was allowed after that to finish his speech, and a rattling one it was, too."

"It seems to me that between the scandals of these contests and the doings and sayings in the caucuses the gentleman with the hoofs and horns is kept rather busy, and the old adage is being pretty thoroughly worked out, 'He who sets all knaves at work must pay them.'

The Senator laughed and said, "Oh, as to caucuses, they are as old as our Government itself. We used to nominate our Presidents in caucus until there were so many scandals that the convention plan was adopted, and in 1788 some one, in consequence of a particularly turbulent and tricky caucus, got off this parody on Gray's Elegy

"That mob of mobs, a caucus to command
Hurl wild discussion round the maddening land."

"How finely that applies to the caucuses of the Senate lately. They certainly have 'hurled wild discussion round the maddening land.' Luckily there is a delightfully naive and innocent side to you politicians, Senator P——, when you are off guard."

"How so?" asked he

"Well, it is a liberal education to see a noted statesman gyrate down the centre aisle, and just when you expect him to pause and fling defiance at an opponent see him pull out a big red apple from his pocket, pluck off the stem, look it all over carefully, then set to upon it. The other day Mr. Cameron, apple in hand, met Mr. Linney, orange in hand The place of meeting was the centre aisle of the House; a speech on the Wise-Young case was in progress. The galleries were looking on. Well, the orange and the apple midst facial contortions and prodigious bites and squeezes, had a fine time of it and only parted when a core and a few seeds were left

And the confiding way in which Senator Gear hangs his hat up on the floor of the Senate in the middle aisle, and the way in which everybody kicks it down the aisle and then goes back and apologizes, is too amusing. I should suggest that the Senator put a brick in his hat; this would at least stay it in its mad career toward the Vice President's chair and might cause discomfiture to those who so often start it on its travels."

"Good Heaven! Mrs. Slocum, how thankful I am that I do not eat apples. I shall never dare to stir hereafter, and I never mean again to venture either up or down the middle aisle, but shall steal silently around the outer edge of desks, and if I have occasion to address the Senate I will do so in The Record."

We both laughed, then the Senator asked, apropos of nothing

'What has become of that pretty 'Bobby Shafto' fellow who went to sea?"

"You mean Mr. de Courcelles, of the French Embassy?"

"Yes: I always called him Bobby Shafto' He seemed that sort."

'Well, your 'Bobby Shafto,' as you call him, is coming back to marry—not me, as the pretty song goes, but Page He expects to be here soon and then we are to have a wedding'

'Wasn't there any American good enough for her that she should have to take up with this diplomatic chap?" asked the Senator almost querulously

"Oh, come now, Senator P——, what is the matter with all you Senators? You seem to have a sort of jealousy planted in your breasts toward every diplomat, no matter what his country or his standing. I have noticed it in every Senator I have ever talked with. It seems to be an intolerance that is often strongly marked, and it seems to be particularly active against everything British The present Ambassador is altogether delightful and is seemingly more in accord with us than any of the former ones have been You all dine and wine him, but the feeling is there. Explain it!'

"I don't admit that we have any such feeling as you describe, Mrs. Slocum. If it is there, as you say, it springs unconsciously from the inborn democracy in the breast of every one of us, for democracy is the government of the people, by the people, for the benefit of—United States Senators, and there is a danger always that the British may not understand this political principle of ours, hence——"

There was a twinkle in Senator P——'s eyes as he went on

"And these foreign diplomatic chaps regard us as a type of the utmost pragmatical, pig headed self assurance, combined with the narrowest education and experience that could possibly exist in any considerable government, and accordingly they despise us. Mrs. Slocum, but as to this young 'Bobby Shafto,' why, bless me! I've no feeling against him. I only think that almost any American is worth two Frenchmen. But come, tell me what your smart world is doing What is going on?"

'Oh, my smart world is in that utterly beatific state of mind when 'first daughter to the love of God is charity to man.' And our mornings are made up of meetings of the society for the Circulation of Patent Ear Warmers and in attending to the subscription list for the Home for Sick and Decrepit Dogs. Then there is also the Friday morning sewing class, where the Lenten penance is the shaping of garments that are fearful and wonderful to behold. We are taught that 'dress is the table of our contents.' If this be true, alas for those who shall fall heir to the Friday morning productions! The anatomists would shudder at their outlines, for they bulge and hump in miraculous fashion, until I am forced to believe that the human frame differs according to condition. Besides these charity sewings there are all the dinners, for we are still eating We have been eating steadily since December and I have six weeks of dinners ahead of me yet. I am almost converted to the new theory of sustaining life by means of the concentrated food capsule. Just think of the convenience of consommé in a capsule and of terrapin and pâté de foies gras served in a pill the size of a pea! Could anything appeal more to the jaded palate?"

But what would become of your beautiful accompaniments of orchids and orchestras, to say nothing of the faithful Jules?" laughed the Senator

"Oh, we should need our chefs just the same for the texture and tint of the capsules and the importance of their contents would require artists, and would require the orchids and the orchestras, too, for that matter, to help them down

"Well, what else is on hand by way of diversion?" asked he

There are these readings, with incidental music, one of which was held at Corcoran House, where, for the sum of two and a half dollars, I listened with half an ear to Little Boy Blue, keeping the other half strained attentively upon the gossip around me, while my eyes feasted upon Senator Depew's household gods, taking stock of them and appraising them at their true and untold value. Then there was the ball at the German Embassy. Besides this ball there are all the promised festivities at the White House, which will be but preliminary to the wedding festival of the favorite niece, and then there are all the weddings, those that have been and that are to be, including those of statesmen and authoresses"

"By statesmen you mean one of my Senatorial colleagues, do you not? I doubt if he assumes the yoke again. And by authoresses I judge you are thinking of Mrs. Burnett I remember Mrs Burnett when she was a fresh-voiced, fresh-cheeked young matron, scarcely recognizing or believing in her own ability. At that time, when I used to visit her home continually, I should have predicted that Doctor Burnett would be the one to bring fame and fortune knocking at their door, for Doctor Burnett has always been intellectual and brilliant; but it seems that I have been all out in my calculations. Mrs Burnett has made the name, the fame and the fortune. She became restless with this same restlessness that seems to come to all our women nowadays sooner or later. Then she began this nomad way of living partly in England, partly here, with the inevitable result

I met her the other day just before she sailed and I thought her very much changed. My fresh voiced, fresh faced matron was gone. In her place was the fashionately dressed woman of the world, fully conscious of what she had achieved with her Lady of Quality and her De Willoughby Claim. I was not surprised when I read in the papers the other day of her marriage to Mr. Stephen Townsend, of London. As you remember, he had been her private secretary

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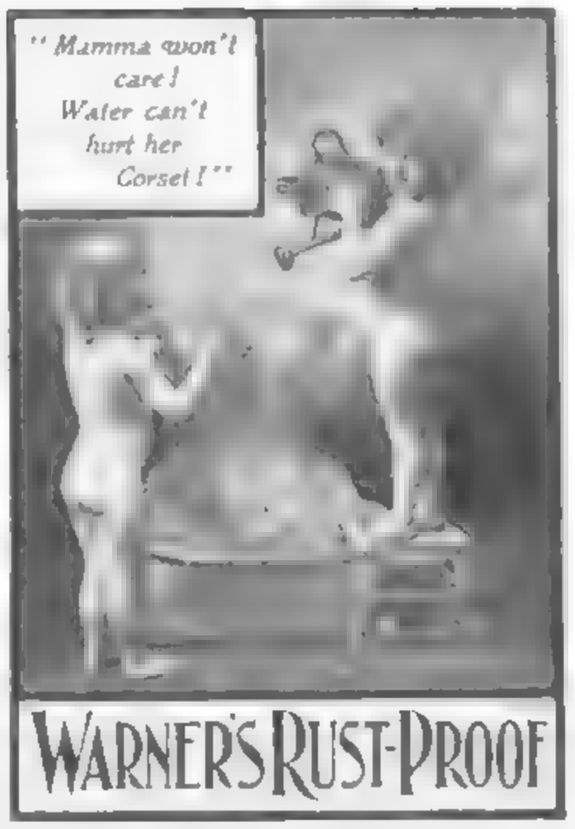
Editor's Note The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in the Post of February 3, and will be continued through succeeding issues Each paper is complete in itself, and may be read without reference to those preceding it



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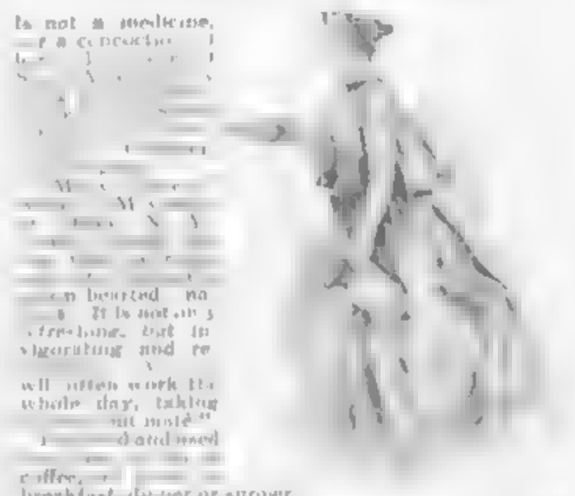

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The GRIP of HONOR

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CHAPTER XX

THE battle had been maintained with the utmost fury for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and both ships had sustained severe injuries, the Richard being in much the worse condition. The heavy shot from the long eighteens of the Serapis had played havoc with her. Pearson naturally thought that it was about time for Jones to surrender, though the hour when Jones thought it time to surrender would never strike. The sudden silence which had fallen upon the conflict was broken by a voice from the British ship. In high interrogation it rang over the waters in the moonlight: "Have you struck?"

From the Richard came Jones' immortal answer: "*I have not yet begun to fight!*"

A roar of wild exultation, an Homeric laugh broke from the throats of the crew of the Richard as the reply of the Captain was passed from deck to deck, until the whole ship from truck to keelson quivered with responsive joy. It was a joke the character of which those blood stained ruffians could well appreciate; but their Captain was in no mood for joking. He was serious, and in the simplicity of the reply lay its greatness. Surprising answer! On a ship shattered beyond repair, her best guns exploded and useless, her [illegible] without with dead and dying, the Captain has not yet begun to fight! But there was no delay after the answer, no philosophizing, no heroics. The man of action was there. He meant business. Every moment when the guns were silent was a wasted one.

The helm was shifted to starboard and the headsails shivered. The Richard slowly swung off to port and gathered headway again. The Serapis had lost an opportunity of tacking and raking. In order to bring the guns to bear more quickly, and perhaps to prevent a raking by the enemy, Captain Pearson threw all aback, and the two ships, one backing, and the other reaching ahead, slowly drew abreast each other, the batteries speaking again as the guns bore. The wind was very light and the motions of both ships were sluggish in the extreme, so that they practically lay side by side, steerage way almost gone, slowly drifting until there came a sudden, temporary breath of wind.

The position was most advantageous for the Serapis, as with her heavier and more numerous guns she could deliberately knock the Richard into a cocked hat. She was much the speedier and handier ship and might reasonably hope to choose her own distance and, having selected a point of vantage, maintain it to the end. Pearson's game was to fight at long range until he had sunk his enemy; no difficult task that last—she was half sinking now!

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

What the Richard lacked in mobility and direction she made up in her Captain. Jones did things instinctively; Pearson had to think about them.

Jones' only hope was in getting to close quarters and making use of the disciplined French soldiery upon his decks. They had done good service already in clearing the spar deck of the English.

Therefore, as the Richard, gathering way, gradually forged ahead, her helm was shifted to port and the vessel slowly swung across the bow of the Serapis which had just begun to fill away again, as Pearson saw that he had nearly backed out of action. The bow of the Serapis struck the starboard quarter of the Richard, the jibboom thrusting itself violently through the mizzen-rigging. There was a terrific crash at the moment of impact. A second later and the English, cheering frantically, jumped upon the heel of the bowsprit and clambered upon the rail of their ship.

They were led by a tall, distinguished-looking officer who attracted double attention as he wore the red uniform of the English Army. As their heads appeared over the rail, the powerful voice of Jones could be heard shouting. "Boarders away!" Not waiting for the men who came springing up on the quarter deck in obedience to his summons, the dauntless Captain seized a pike from the rack and hurled it through the air at the leader of the Englishmen. Good fortune guided his hand and the steel head of the lance struck fair in the bosom of the soldier. The British wavered a moment as their officer fell and Jones discharged his pistols full among them.

Then De Chamillard and those of his marines left alive upon the deck, by a well-directed pointblank volley, drove back the boarding party of the English.

The two ships were grinding against each other, and the wind on the after sail of the Serapis slowly forced her around until she swung parallel to the Richard. The jibboom snapped off short under the strain and her starboard anchor caught in the tangled rigging of the American frigate. Stacey, the sailing-master, sprang to lash the ships together. The officer snatched a heavy rope from the rattle on the deck and strove to overhaul it. It was tangled and he found great difficulty in clearing it. An impatient man at best, and now greatly excited, he swore roundly as he tugged at the vexatious rope.

"Don't swear, Mr. Stacey," said Jones calmly, coming to his assistance. "In another moment we may all be in eternity but let us do our duty."

With his own hands Jones passed the lashing.

On the gun-deck below the batteries were being fought fiercely. The two ships were lying side by side, one heading in, the other out, the bow of one by the stern of the other, the starboard side of the Serapis closely touching the same side of the Richard. In the hope that the Richard would drift clear, Captain Pearson now dropped his port anchor.

In vain; no bulldogs ever clung to foes with more tenacity of grip than did those two ships in deadly grapple joined together. The Richard and the Serapis were fast locked for good, and the two ships swung to the tidal current, the wind being again almost entirely killed. In that position they lay for the next two hours, or until the battle was over.

As the Englishman had not hitherto engaged on the starboard side, the port-shutters had not been opened and the close contact of the two ships rendered it impossible to open them then. The Serapis' men were therefore compelled to fire through them, blowing off the port-lids. It was necessary for the men on both ships to extend the long handles of the rammers and the sponges of the guns through the ports into the other ship in order to load properly their own cannon. Badinage, of a character easily imagined, passed back and forth between the two ships, though nothing interrupted the steady and persistent discharge of the batteries.

"Back!" shouted the midshipman fiercely, pointing his musket at him

The battle below was literally a hand-to-hand conflict with great guns, all the advantage in number and size being with the English.

At this juncture a new note was added to the conflict.

Jones, whose eyes were everywhere in the battle, observed a black shadow come darting athwart the two fighting ships, shutting off the moonlight.

It was the Alliance.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "Landais has seen the folly of his disobedience and has come to our assistance."

As the American ship, with her French Captain and half English crew, loomed up between him and the moonlight, he thought of course that she would range down upon the unengaged side of the Serapis and with a few broadsides compel her to strike at once. But no, the Alliance under full sail stood on. Her men were at quarters, ports triced up, lanterns lighted. She was passing

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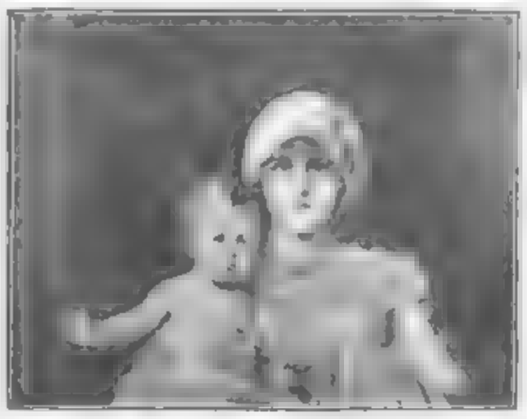

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the bow of the Serapis now. Why did she not fire? The insane and treacherous Landais held steadily on until he was standing squarely across the stern of the Richard Now she was drawing past them as well. A command rang out. What was that?

Jones was petrified with astonishment when, at short range, the Alliance poured in a raking broadside of which the Richard received the brunt, though it was apparently discharged impartially at the two ships. As Landais drew past the stern the helm of the Alliance was shifted. She swung in parallel to the Richard, poured in another broadside, circled the Richard forward and raked her again! The last discharge was a frightful one. The shot at close range swept the crowded decks of the American ship which seemed actually to quiver and flinch from this treacherous blow. This broadside did much damage, killing and wounding many on the forecastle, among them Midshipman Caswell, mortally. Shrieks, groans and cries of startled surprise and dismay arose with increasing volume.

"The Alliance, the Alliance——"

"Treachery! We are betrayed!"

"The English have got the ship!" came from every side in wild confusion

"This is the Richard," shouted Jones at the top of his voice at the first fire. "Hold your fire! Show the private signals there!" he cried hastily to the faithful Brooks; but the Alliance paid no attention to these and other warning cries. As the three broadsides were delivered by the American frigate, the men, in their perfectly excusable terror at this blow in the back, actually began to break from their quarters and leave the guns. That was never to be thought of under any circumstances.

"Back!" shouted Jones promptly, "back to your quarters, every mother's son of you! Shoot the first man that flinches from the guns

Dale and De Weibert and the midshipmen gallantly seconded his orders, and the Alliance sailing away toward the Pallas and delivering no more shots upon them, the conflict was resumed. That the men could be got to the guns again after this frightfully unsettling attack was supreme testimony to the quality of their officers.

Upon the part of the Serapis the battle had never been interrupted. The long eighteens of her main battery had simply silenced and dismounted nearly all the twelves on the main-deck of the Richard. The starboard side of the American had been beaten in and the port side beaten out by the heavy fire at close range, until the British were literally firing through a hole, the shot hurtling through the air and falling harmlessly into the water far on the farther side. The underpinning of the upper decks of the ship was, of course, nearly knocked to pieces. Why the decks did not fall in and the whole thing collapse was a mystery

There had been no fighting at all on the berth-deck since the bursting of the three guns; but poor little Payne had hung grimly to his post. One by one the men of the guarding squad had been picked off by stray shot until there was none left but him and the master at arms. Several shot from the British had entered below the water line of the Richard and she was making water fast. There was nearly four feet of water in the hold then, and it was rising The prisoners were in a wild state of terror. Imprecations, curses, appeals to which the young lad had turned a deaf ear had come up through the gratings over the hatchway

To the other dangers of the battle, fire now added its devastating touch. In fact both ships were aflame in several places. The burning gun-wads had lodged in the chains and other inflammable positions, and writhing, tossing, serpent-like torches threw their hot light over the scene of horror. As the smoke drifted down the hatchway the prisoners in the hold could stand it no longer. There was a sudden rush below toward the opening, the gratings were splintered and broken by the thrust of a piece of timber, a head or two appeared in the clear, hands clutched at the combings

"Back!" shouted Payne, trying to steady his boyish voice.

"No! D—— your baby face!" shouted the first prisoner furiously, clutching desperately at the combing while he was being lifted up in the arms of the men below. "D'ye think we'll stay here and be drowned like bloody rats in a hole!"

With white lips and a sinking heart the boy thrust his pistol full into the man's face and with a trembling finger pulled the trigger. He did the like to the next man with a second pistol. To seize the musket of a dead marine and point it at the third was the work of a second. Awed by this resolution and the promptitude of his action, the other prisoners fell back for the time. The sweat stood out on the forehead of the young midshipman. He had shot a man—two men—in cold blood! It seemed like murder. But he had done his duty. The words of the Captain rang in his ear, "Keep them down!"

It was hot hot as a furnace—on the berth-deck. The smoke poured in thick, suffocating clouds between decks. The wavering reflections from the flames on every side accentuated the horror He longed to throw down his weapon and fly, anywhere, to get a respite from the infernal demand upon him. But he was a sailor, the son of a race of fighters. He held on. The deep roar of the guns above told him that the battle was still going on Suddenly out of the smoke appeared the burly form of the carpenter, wounded, blotched with red and gray, leaping forward crying in terror-stricken accents

"We're sinking, we're sinking! Four feet of water in the hold!"

The gunner and his mates, apparently equally terrified, came running from the magazines as they caught the contagion of the moment. They sprang to the gun deck and thence to the spar-deck, repeating the carpenter's cry, "We're sinking, we're sinking! Quarter! Quarter!"

"We must release the prisoners ... cried the master-at-arms, turning to ... officer

Not while I live," answered Payne resolutely, all his courage coming back to him

"The ship is sinking—make way!" returned the burly master at arms springing toward the hatchway

"Back!" shouted the midshipman fiercely, pointing his musket at him—the boy's blood was up now. "Here they stay and here we stay. The orders of the Captain——"

He never finished his words a grape shot struck him fair in the forehead

The master-at arms tore open the hatch cover. "On deck!" he cried

In panic terror, crowding and trampling upon each other like a herd of wild beasts, the maddened prisoners scrambled up the hatchway, and, yelling frantically, ran pell mell for the gun-deck. The body of the brave midshipman was spurned, crushed and broken beneath their feet as they ran

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE spar deck things had gone better Though De Chamillard and his marines had been driven from the poop by the fire of the English, the men in the tops had more than evened that reverse. As the two ships lay side by side, the interlocking yards made a ... bridge from one to the other, over which a bold man might pass. It happened that some of the choicest spirits on the Richard were stationed in the maintop. Fanning, who had been busily engaged with small arms, saw his opportunity. As the little parties in the tops exchanged volleys the midshipman threw his men on the yard, and when the smoke cleared away the astonished British saw the Americans rushing toward them

The first and second men were shot down and fell to the deck of the Serapis; the third, a gigantic man, by a desperate leap gained a foothold in the top. Before he was cut down Fanning and another had joined him over the futtock shrouds; two men took the defenders in the rear by way of the lubber's hole, the rest came swarming The force of their rush carried everything before them. The English, unable to stand the irresistible onset, were shot down or thrown out of the top. No quarter was asked or given. The Americans, having effected this lodgment in the maintop of the Serapis, now turned their fire upon the fore and mizzen tops, and enabled boarding parties from their own ship to gain possession of all the upperworks of the enemy

It was at this moment that the gunner and the carpenter reached the deck, crying that the ship was sinking and proffering surrender. The gunner ran aft shrieking, "Quarter! Quarter!" intending to lower the flag. Jones, who had been superintending the working of the quarter-deck guns which were without an officer since Mease, who had been fighting heroically, had been severely wounded, heard the noise and turning about saw the gunner running for the flag. Fortunately the flag had been shot away, and as the gunner was seeking it, fumbling over the halyards in the darkness, Pearson, hearing the cries, called out again

"Do you ask for quarter?"

Jones had taken two long leaps across the deck to the side of the gunner. Raising his

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discharged pistol he brought the butt [illegible] heavily down upon the forehead of the man, cracking his skull and silencing him forever

"Never!" he shouted in reply to the Englishman

"Then I will give none," cried Pearson—an entirely superfluous remark, by the way.

It was at this juncture that the Alliance was seen coming down again, as before Jones had time for but one glance of apprehension when he heard the noise of the leaping prisoners below. He sprang to the main hatch

"The prisoners have been released," cried De Weibert, meeting him; the Frenchman had been toiling like a hero on the gun-deck "The battery is silenced, we have not a single gun to work, the ship is afire. We must yield," he exclaimed

As the frightened men came crowding up the hatchways, Dale, who had just fired the only gun on the deck fit for action, took in the situation at once. He stayed the rush in the nick of time by voice and action. He sprang into the midst of the panic-stricken prisoners, threatening them, striking them, beating them down, driving them back with his sword. It was a magnificent display of hardihood and courage, presence of mind and resource.

"To the pumps," he cried with prompt decision, "for your lives, men! The English ship is sinking and we will go down with her unless you can keep us afloat," he shouted in thunder tones with superb audacity. The battle lost was won again in that minute.

"Well done, Richard," shouted Jones, leaping through the hatchway and seconding the daring ruse of his noble Lieutenant by his own mighty voice and Herculean efforts, crying masterfully: "Get to the pumps, men! Lively! The ship is sinking under your feet. The English ship is going!"

It was unparalleled assurance, but it won The two officers actually succeeded in forcing the English prisoners to man the pumps, where they worked with a frantic energy born of their persistent daze of terror. This left the regular crew of the ship free to fight the fires and to do what they could with the [illegible] As Jones sprang back to the [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible]

"The ship is sinking, sir. The cock pit is under water. I've no place to stow the wounded. We must surrender."

Strike! Strike!" cried De Chamillard, who was wounded. "We can do no more"

"What! Gentlemen!" cried Jones, "would you have me strike to a drop of water and a bit of fire? Up, De Chamillard Here, Doctor, help me get this gun over."

The surgeon hesitated, looked around again and, not liking the appearance of things about him, turned and ran below, but not to [illegible] station—for that was under water. His mates had been killed. He wandered up and down the decks doing what he could—which was but little—for the wounded where they lay. Assisted by two or three of the seamen, with his own hands Jones dragged one of the nine pounders from the disengaged side of the deck across to the starboard side to take the place of a dismounted one; and, while the heavy battery of the Serapis continued its unavailing fire below, these three small guns under his personal direction concentrated their fire upon the mainmast of the Serapis.

The fortuitous position of the Americans in the enemy's tops enabled them to pour a perfect rain of small-arm fire upon the spar-deck of the Serapis with little possibility of effective return. Man after man was shot down by the side of the intrepid Pearson—who, whatever his lack of other qualifications, showed that he possessed magnificent personal courage—until he remained practically alone upon the deck—alone, but undaunted.

It is not within the power of words to portray the situation, after over two hours of the most frightful and determined combat. No two ships were ever in such condition, no battle that was ever fought was like it. The decks were covered with dead and dying, bands of men in different directions were fighting the flames; the smoke in lowering clouds hung heavily over the ships, for the wind had died and there was scarcely enough to blow it away. The pale moonlight mingled with the red glare from the flames and threw an added touch of lurid ghastliness trembling over the smoke-wrapt sea. From below came the steady roar of the Serapis guns, from above the continuous crackling of the Richard's small arms. The noises blended in a terrible diapason of destruction. The prisoners, still under the influence of their terror, toiled at the clanking pumps. The water gushed red from the scuppers Order, tactics, discipline had been forgotten Men glared with blood-shot eyes, set their teeth beneath foam flecked lips and fought where they stood—fought in frenzy against whatever came to hand, whether it was the English ship, or the roaring flames, or the rushing waters. They recked nothing of consequences. In their frenzy [illegible] they beat upon the sides of the other ships with their bare hands and bloody knuckles and knew not what they did. Their breath came quick and short, the red of battle was before their eyes, they had but one thought Slay! Kill! One would have said that the brute instinct was uppermost in every heart But in scenes of this kind, it is not the greatest brute that wins, but the greatest soul, and the [illegible] man who still preserved his calmness in this orgy of war was the man to win the battle—Jones

The Alliance had repeated her previous performance, but the men had been worked up to such a pitch that they never heeded it; many of them did not know of it. Both ships were thoroughly beaten. It was only a question as to which would realize it first, who would first surrender. Nay, there was no question whatever of Jones' surrender under any circumstances whatsoever. Pearson would give up under some conditions, and those had at last arrived That was the essential difference between the two men.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Uncle Remus, Poet

IN THE early seventies occasional poems appeared in the Savannah News over the modest initials, "J. C. H" They were good poems, and it was known that their author was a young man" who had come from the country" to edit the State news department of the Savannah paper. He was a very young man with a bright, keen intellect, auburn-haired, and with a perfect poetic pallor. He was known to his associates as Joel Chandler Harris. His office work was the writing of editorial paragraphs and running comment on odd items of State news.

The future "Uncle Remus" had not then branched out in the line of fiction. His ambition was to be—a poet. He is that to-day, though he no longer sings in musical numbers. The following is one of his earliest poetical efforts:

JULIETTE

[Laurel Grove Cemetery, Savannah, Georgia]

Lo, here the sunshine flickers bright
Among the restless shadows,
And undulating waves of light,
Slip through the tranquil meadows.

The hoary trees stand ranged about,
Their damp gray mosses trailing
Like ghostly signals long hung out
For succor unavailing

And marble shafts rise here and there
In immemorial places,
Embalmed in Nature's bosom fair
And chiseled with Art's graces

'Twas here, Juliette, you watched the skies
Burn into evening's splendor,
And saw the sunset's wondrous dyes
Fade into twilight tender.

And saw the gray go out in gloom
Upon the brow of Even,
And watched to see the young stars bloom
In the far fields of heaven

So comes the winter's breath, and so
The spring renews her grasses—
I lift my dazzled eyes, and lo!
The mirage swiftly passes.

Dear child! for many a weary year
The rose has shed her blossom
Upon the tablet resting here
Above thy tranquil bosom

And many a season here hath brought
Processions of newcomers,
And many a wonder death hath wrought
Through all these fervid summers.

And naught remains of thee, Juliette—
Thy face, thy form Elysian—
Save what the whole world will forget—
A dreamer's dubious vision

"I'm glad I had the good sense to stop then," Mr. Harris said recently, "for if they had given me a little more encouragement I might have published a whole book of it!"

Misleading Titles of Books

By William Mathews

ONE of the puzzling problems connected with the publication of a book is the choice of a fit and attractive title. Upon the tact and judgment shown in this depends much of the success of the work. An incident that occurred about half a century ago strikingly illustrates this. In 1850 Dr. O. M. Mitchell, Director of the Astronomical Observatory in Cincinnati, gave to the press a volume entitled The Planetary and Stellar Worlds. The book fell dead from the press The publisher complained bitterly of this to a friend, saying, "I have not sold a single copy." "Well," was the reply, "you have killed the book by its title. Why not call it The Orbs of Heaven?" The hint was accepted and acted upon, and 6000 copies were sold in a month

An account of the blunders to which the modern system of naming books has led would be curious and amusing. Who that is unfamiliar with Horne Tooke's famous philological treatise would expect to find The Diversions of Purley—which at the time of its publication was ordered by a village book club under the impression that it was a book of amusing games—to be one of the driest and toughest books in the language; or who would suspect Urban Bees, by Leo Allatius, to be a volume made up of biographies of great men who flourished during the pontificate of Urban VIII, whose family carried bees on their coat-armorial.

Some years ago at a public sale of books in London, Drew's Essay on Souls was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the other bidders, asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell." Not long ago the corporation of a North-of England town decided to erect a new cattle market. The Mayor of the town, who was on the lookout for suitable plans, ordered a copy of a work then recently published, entitled, On the Construction of Sheepfolds. Fancy his astonishment when he received from London by return post a treatise on religious denominations by Mr. Ruskin.

The same gentleman once saw MacEwen on the Types—a theological work treating of the types of Christianity in the old law—vehemently contended for at an auction by a compositor and a burly farmer, the latter thinking that it was "a bulk upo' the tups" (rams). Mrs. Edgeworth states that a gentleman who was much interested in improving the breed of Irish cattle, on seeing an advertisement of a work on Irish bulls, sent for a copy. "He was rather confounded by the appearance of the classical bull at the top of the first page, which I had designed from a gem; and when he began to read the book he threw it away in disgust." He had purchased it as Secretary to the Irish Agricultural Society. Not less keen was the disappointment of an inexperienced young English farmer who, wishing to be well grounded in agricultural knowledge, bought a book called Ploughing and Sowing, and found it to contain a minute account of a lady's benevolent operations among the laborers of a country district in Yorkshire

It is said The Ancient Mariner, when first published, was sold largely to seafaring men, who concluded from the name that it had relation to nautical matters. Of Wordsworth's Excursion expensive copies were sold to tourists and to keepers of country inns and boarding-houses, as likely to be of especial interest to excursionists and sightseers.

That a Frenchman should be misled by the title of an English book is not surprising An amusing blunder was made some years ago by the Paris Constitutionnel, in a biographical sketch of Mr. Broderip, the English naturalist. In naming his books, the writer said that he contributed to the Quarterly Review an article on *Le Traité de la Construction des Ponts du Dr. Buckland* (Dr. Buckland's Treatise on the Construction of Bridges). This treatise owes its existence to the French writer's mode of translating the title of the celebrated Bridgewater treatise by William Buckland, D. D, F. R. S.

To conclude, the name of a book should be unambiguous, and should avoid extremes—neither promising too much nor too little. When Bentley, the London publisher, was about to issue his projected magazine, he consulted one of the wits of the day about a title. "How say you about calling it the Magazine of Wit?" asked the publisher. "That promises too much," said his friend. "Well, then, suppose I call it Bentley's Magazine?" "Ah," replied the wit, "that promises too little."

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PRACTICAL MUNICIPAL POLITICS *for* YOUNG MEN

By NATHANIEL C. SEARS

III. INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES AS A FACTOR

ANY one guided by experience, in directing a young man to political usefulness, would advise him to attach himself to one of the established parties. But no thoughtful man, earnest in his love of country, could advise a young man to give himself up to such slavish adherence to any political party as would involve the support of bad men or bad measures. When moral duty and partisanship conflict, the loyal citizen must throw partisanship to the winds and let patriotism stand in lieu of it. The announcement of Mr. Seward commanded the respect of all sincere men when he said: "So long as my party shall be firm and faithful to the Constitution, the Union and the rights of man, I shall serve it, with the reservation of that personal independence which is my birthright, but at the same time with the zeal and devotion that patriotism allows and enjoins."

There is much of allurement in the word "independent." It has a good sturdy sound. It must be easier and more self-satisfying to the average man, when compelled to leave his party, to enlist under such colors, than to support the political party which he has been accustomed to oppose. But the only logical ground of choice is one based, not upon sentiment or pride, but upon the end to be attained. Presumably one will not leave his own party except it be clear that the defeat of that party is necessary for the good of the community. If that defeat is necessary, his duty lies in the course which will accomplish the result with most certainty. He should no more permit pride of partisanship to deter him from aiding his former adversaries than to let it hold him in the service of a bad cause. In deciding the question he must, therefore, look into the character of independent movements in municipal politics, the motives of them, and the scope of their usefulness.

The Motives of Independent Movements

The national parties will not, and can not, abdicate the field of municipal elections. It is true that the principles of policy involved in city elections have little or no bearing upon national questions of policy, and, conversely, national issues have no relevancy to municipal questions. Yet it is absolutely impossible for either of the national parties to permit its forces to disorganize and separate even for the brief period of a municipal campaign. In a skirmish between two opposing armies, the particular bit of ground contended for may be of no strategic importance to either, yet success in the conflict for it may be of vital importance to each.

The present relation of the vote of our large cities to the vote of the State, and the rapid growth of such cities, make it a matter of earnest consideration as to how long it will be before the political action of the Republic will be dominated by the political action of the cities. Under these conditions it would be as wise for a commanding officer to order a retreat and submit to a defeat at a Shiloh, merely because its possession had no particular geographical relevancy to the city of Washington, as for either of the great political parties to abandon a municipal election in a city like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston, simply because no questions of national policy were involved in such election. They have heretofore declined to do so; it is safe to predict that the same policy will prevail in the future.

Objectively the motive of independent movements is always the effecting of the defeat of one and the success of the other of the regular parties, and by the same reasoning it is never the election of the independent ticket. To elect an independent ticket in a general municipal election in any one of our largest cities is practically impossible. It is so in reason. It has been amply demonstrated by experience.

The favorite watchword of the independent movement is, "Down with all machines," and it is a watchword which gains much support, because there has been much to merit popular disfavor in the methods of party organization. The independent movement must start without any organization. If it becomes organized and continues organized from one campaign to another, it loses the distinguishing feature of all independent movements; it is no longer a political spasm and it has become a machine. Hence the conflict between the independent movement and the regular political party is always a struggle between forces organized and forces comparatively disorganized.

The Logical Weakness of the Independents

The logical result is obvious. Logical rules are just as forceful in politics as elsewhere in the world. Here, as everywhere, the success of a large body of men, striving for a common end, requires organization. The leaders of the independent movements do not altogether ignore this fact, and the first step in their undertaking is an attempt at some sort of hurried organization, by which of necessity leaderships are created and conferred. The hostility to political organization is limited to systematic and continuous organization; it does not extend to spasmodic organization.

Each of the established political parties has its large following throughout the city, its body of men associated in each precinct, among whom the campaign duties are divided. This following, attached to the party by family tradition, or long personal service, or influence of office, or devotion to party principles, cannot easily be drawn away. There is a large party following in each party which can always be counted upon to vote the party ticket. If one party is torn and disrupted for the time by factional strife, so that this strength is broken, the fact simply adds for the time to the strength of the other regular party.

Temporary conditions may be safely depended upon at times to aid in the defeat of one of the parties; such conditions do not arise at the same time in each of the parties. They cannot, from the very fact that the one gains by the loss of the other. The weaker members of that one of the regular parties which seems to be losing ground through the opposition of the independent movement leave their party to go over, not to the independent faction, but to the other regular party. This class of quick deserters in the face of defeat is made up of men who always wish to be found upon the winning side. When convinced that their own party is defeated they seek the probable winner.

The Triumph of Party Organization

The independent movement has, therefore, in any election, to meet and oppose at least one thoroughly organized force, which presents the strength of long, continuous and systematic training. It is not reasonable to expect that this strength can be overcome by an organization of a few days' or weeks' creation. That it is not in fact to be so overcome has been repeatedly demonstrated.

One instance will suffice for illustration. No independent movement was ever conducted under more favorable conditions than those incident to the last mayoralty campaign in New York City. The people were convinced of municipal corruption and thoroughly aroused to the need of reform. The independent candidate for Mayor was a man of attractive personality, a citizen of high character and reputation, a ripe scholar, a profound thinker upon public questions, and, withal, somewhat of a practical politician. No more popular candidate could possibly have been chosen. It seemed that he would receive the hearty support of the masses. But the two regular political parties proceeded in the routine method of party action. One of them was torn by factional strife, and lacked even the hearty support of the national party organization. It seemed to be, and proved to be, an easy victim. The vote which it polled was considerably less than that of the independent faction.

Yet, under all these conditions, what was the result? Precisely what every thoughtful and sincere man knew that it must be. The independent movement defeated one of the regular party candidates and elected the other; and—significant of the irrational motive of the movement—the one defeated was the one whom the majority of the independents would probably have preferred to the one elected.

The voter, forced to leave his own party for the time, and obliged to choose between giving his support to the opposite political party or to an independent movement, must, after candid thought, conclude that the choice is merely of the direct or the indirect method of working for the same result.

The candidates of the political parties are at least as high in character as is demanded by the reason and conscience of that part of the community which takes part in political action. If these candidates present no fair choice to the voter, the cause of the default is apparent, and it is one for which there is no possible excuse.

Business Methods in Municipal Politics

A few years ago we had an object lesson in the application of the business men of a community to public works. To the management of the World's Columbian Exposition business men of fine ability gave freely of their time and energy. Great results were worked out in the best and speediest manner. Funds were neither squandered nor pilfered. The public reaped the benefit of an application of the reason and conscience of the community to its affairs. The same sort of service, applied systematically and continuously to the politics of our great cities, would make of each of them a "white city."

The independent movement does not open the way to such systematic and continuous service. On the contrary, it is the gateway through which many a young man passes to a life of political sloth. With independent movements he runs his one or two quixotic tilts, realizes their inefficiency and uselessness, and then, renouncing his right as a freeman and his duty as a citizen, abandons politics forever. It is very safe to assert that if a young man wishes to make his influence felt and his service of use in the political action of his community, he can do it best by working continuously for the purifying of the political parties which he finds existing, rather than in occasional attempts to build up new ones. To thus give a little of his energy all the time will work out greater and better results than to give all his energy for a little time to any independent movement.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last paper in the series, Practical Municipal Politics for Young Men. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of March 31.

Reed Call for April

Madison Cawein

WHEN April comes and heaps with buds,
With buds and blooms, each orchard's space,
And takes the dogwood-whitened woods
With rain and sunshine of her moods,
Like your fair face, like your fair face:
It's honey for the bloom and dew,
And honey for the heart!
And, oh, to be away with you
Beyond the town and mart.

When April comes, and tints the hills
With happy colors that rejoice,
And from her airy apron spills
Sweet laughter of the winds and rills,
Like your young voice, like your young voice:
It's gladness for God's bending blue,
And gladness for the heart!
And, oh, to be away with you
Beyond the town and mart.

When April comes, and binds and girds
The world with warmth that breathes above,
And to the breeze flings all her birds,
Whose songs are welcome as the words
Of you I love, of you I love:
It's music for all things that woo,
And music for the heart!
And, oh, to be away with you
Beyond the town and mart.

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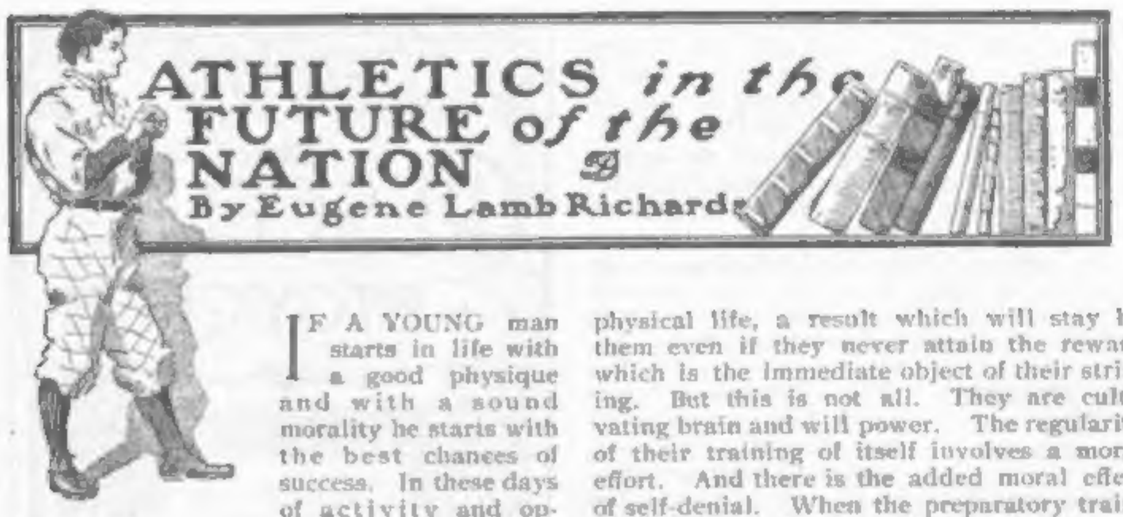

ATHLETICS in the FUTURE of the NATION

By Eugene Lamb Richards

IF A YOUNG man starts in life with a good physique and with a sound morality he starts with the best chances of success. In these days of activity and opportunity his *mental* equipment will be well cared for. In fact the danger both in school and college is that it will be too well cared for—driven to excess. Culture carried too far polishes all the force out of a man; all his vitality is spent in the development of one organ of the body—the brain. Most educators fail to recognize the fact that the best brain is not entirely developed by conscious cerebration in the tasks of the class-room, but in large measure by an unconscious cerebration—by the natural use of the brain in supervising the work of the body. Before the brain is ready for conscious work it is fatal to its integrity to neglect this unconscious work; the brain is stunted both in growth and vigor. Body brain-work, or the use of the brain in every will-directed effort of the body, is the most important element in the education of the brain. The movements of the muscular system are as necessary to the development of the brain as the guidance and government of the brain are to the growth and health of the body. Brain and muscular system are developed by reciprocal action. "All our study hitherto has led us to emphasize greatly the influence upon mental development of the constitution and functions of the muscular system. The condition and action of the muscles stand in reciprocal relation to the senses and feelings which form the necessary effective accompaniment of the senses. Furthermore, the striated (or so-called voluntary) muscles are organs of the will. In the complicated sensory motor apparatus all the most primary foundations of the intellectual life are laid." (Professor George T. Ladd in his work on Psychology.)

Scholar and Athlete in After Life

Just at the time when young men come to college, when all their bodily organs are approaching maturity, this body brain-work is put in full force by athletic sports. By this means the reciprocal action between body and brain is steadily maintained, so that both are strengthened to endure the strain put upon them by the competitions of the college world and by the still harder competitions which they meet in the larger world of life. The young man who has been trained in athletic sport has a stronger probability of life than the man who slights its opportunities. Forty years ago the training of athletes was very crude. The diet prescribed was, to say the least, not suitable to the demands of the work done. Yet of all the members of the Yale University crew of 1860, every one appears on the list of living graduates, while of the five highest scholars of the class graduating that year, only one is living, and he rowed in that same University boat.

At certain seasons of the year one often meets squads of college men running bareheaded about the streets dressed not in the highest fashion of the day. They are getting up lung power by short runs in the open air preparatory to the training in the gymnasium for the athletic events of the year. To their minds the immediate object of all this work and discipline is an honorable place in the University or class organizations of some particular athletic sport. If it were an exercise made compulsory by faculty authority, their hearts would not be in it. Yet they submit to it under the authority of their fellows—an authority of their own choosing. In other words, moved by the hope of a reward which only a few of them can ultimately gain, they are induced to submit to a training which, without this hope, all the rules of hygiene, however convincingly presented, would not persuade them to adopt. In addition to the exercise they are required to bathe, to give plenty of time to sleep, and to avoid all irregularities and indulgences which would be detrimental to their highest vigor. They are really training themselves in the very best way to reap the final reward of a healthy physical life, a result which will stay by them even if they never attain the reward which is the immediate object of their striving. But this is not all. They are cultivating brain and will power. The regularity of their training of itself involves a moral effort. And there is the added moral effect of self-denial. When the preparatory training is over and the men go into the boat or on the field there is a still further extension of the mental and moral effort—greater or less according to the sport which they enter.

An Aid to Academic Order

In all the sports, obedience to recognized authority is cultivated. Thus the system of athletics, by furnishing occupation to the physically active young man who must have some outlet for his superfluous life and energy, is conducive to the good order of a college or university. Before the days when athletics were followed as assiduously as they are now, this superabundant life found its outlet in frequent conflicts between classes, or in rows between town and gown. Now it is worked off in training or in athletic contests. It is brought under the control of law and order. Again, it furnishes a healthy topic of interest outside of the class-room. It is too much to expect of the student, who is often tired of study, that he should not seek some other topic in his times of recreation than the one which he hears in the lecture or class room. The inhabitants of the college world are like the people of the outside world in this respect, that when off duty they find interest in other subjects than those of their regular occupation. They naturally seek some excitement with which to vary the monotony of attendance on recitations and lectures. The athletic contests supply this want, and prevent many a man from looking to dissipation or mischief for relief from the daily drudgery of college life.

To sum up the results thus far claimed, the tendency of athletic sport is, first, to give the best kind of physical training under the best circumstances—that is, to give symmetry of development and to prolong life. In the second place, it tends to cultivate the mind in certain ways not cultivated in the college curriculum, and to develop the brain so as to give its possessor the best physical basis for an intellectual life. It tends, in the third place, to cultivate character by its development of moral qualities. In the fourth place, it tends to good order in the University, and is also an antidote to excessive culture.

A Stimulus to Freer Fellowship

There are two other directions in which its tendency is good. It tends to keep up the *esprit de corps* by binding together in a common sympathy both graduates and undergraduates, increasing the loyalty of both. This is all the more important in the larger universities where the wide range of choice, by means of which men of different classes are distributed under different instructors, helps to dissipate the chances of those bonds of fellowship which were possible when each and all came under the same instructor at some period of their college career.

The enthusiasm which the college contests awake in the partisans of the contending athletes tends to good, not only on account of its influence in binding together graduates and undergraduates, but also on account of its influence on the interior life of the University itself. It counteracts the tendency to a dry intellectualism, which in some scholars seems to be almost bloodless. This enthusiasm enables those instructors who share it to come closer to their students and to do a better work with them.

The tendency of athletic sport is to make a healthier race. An influence has gone forth from the college athletic associations which has penetrated to every school in the land, and has been instrumental in the organization of the athletic clubs which, with all their shortcomings and excesses, are yet better than none at all. It has increased the attendance at the gymnasiums, and in fact largely created the demand for gymnasiums.

The influence of the sports for good came at a time when it was necessary to have

Ex-President Grover Cleveland

Mr. Cleveland has written especially for the College Man's Double Number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an able article for young men who are leaving college and getting actively in touch with the wider world of business and politics.

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something with strong motives to counteract the influence on the young of the demoralizing forces of city life. Just as athletics began to develop, population in the cities began a rapid increase—more rapid than the increase of the population of the country. Is it not a fortunate circumstance that at a time when the disintegrating forces of city life with its luxuries were introduced in increasing measure, an antidote to their poison entered our schools and colleges to counteract them? The present system of athletics helps to keep boys and young men from late hours, from excesses against self and against society, and is therefore to be welcomed as an ally of the best education. It not only saves men, but forms them. It aids our schools of learning to send out not mere scholars, but men of force, men of a character which only comes from the rare union of strength of body, energetic will and cultivated mind.

The Source of National Power In all races which have shown power in any direction the main sources of that power have been physical. At least their force has had a physical basis. For instance, consider the Greeks. For a long period they were a conquering race, masters of the world. But the influence of the Greek has extended far beyond the day of his power and the limits of his state.

"It is no disgrace to a nineteenth century American to go to school to the Greeks. They are still, in their own lines, the leaders of mankind. They are the masters. Attica was about as large as Rhode Island. Rhode Island is a noble little commonwealth. Yet it has enjoyed liberty longer than the democracy of Athens lasted, and in the blazing light of this much-lauded century. What now is or will be the influence of Rhode Island on the world's history compared with the immeasured and imperishable influence of Athens? Whence the difference?" (Professor George P. Fisher, Princeton Review, March, 1884.)

The causes of the difference were manifold. One cause was their complete system of physical culture. Hand in hand with their mental discipline, which was simple but thorough, went physical training. "Until the time of Alexander the main subjects of education among the Greeks were music and gymnastics, bodily training and mental culture. . . . The first duty of a Greek boy was to learn his letters, a feat which was also coincident with learning to swim. . . . By the fourteenth year the Greek boy would have begun to devote himself seriously to athletics." (Educational Theories, by Oscar Browning.) Could such a careful and continuous training of the body fail to have its effect upon the mind? While it gave the body strength, it gave vigor to the brain. When in the course of their conquests wealth and luxury came to them, the Greeks met the usual fate of nations weak in the moral sense, and they went down before the stronger race.

The training of the Romans was largely physical. It was a training for war. But when they relaxed their discipline and gave themselves up to lives of luxury, they gave up also their martial games and athletic exercises, and hired gladiators for their sport and mercenaries for their battles. They, too, were overcome by the stronger races.

An Ancestry of Physical Force The English have in their veins the blood of those old sea-rovers who were the terror of the coasts of Europe in the early centuries of the Christian era, mixed with the blood of that vigorous native stock, to subdue which, though it was furnished with only barbarian arms, was no easy task to the Roman legions. Their physical force is still maintained by vigorous athletic sports. Wherever the race goes it carries with it the love of exercise and the practice of it. The vigor of the stock never decays. Out of its island home it goes to conquer and colonize the globe.

The muscle of one generation is the source and support of the brain-power of the succeeding generation. "What else accounts for the prodigal activity of the early settlers of this country but the fact that, obliged, when cast on a land like ours, to battle with the elements and conquer the forests by their own bodily strength, they lived an outdoor life, in the main, and stored up an immense capital of vitality" (S. Weir Mitchell in Wear and Tear) which they handed down to their posterity?

As to individuals, if you find a really successful man who builds and keeps either a reputation or a fortune by honest hard work, he is generally a man of originally vigorous body. "All professional biography teaches that to win lasting distinction in sedentary indoor occupations, which task the brain and nervous system, extraordinary toughness of body must accompany extraordinary mental power." (S. Weir Mitchell in Wear and Tear.) Again: "To attain success and length of service in any of the learned professions, including teaching, a vigorous body is well-nigh essential." (President Eliot in his Annual Report, 1877-78.)

Possible Abuses of Athletics So far we have considered only the tendency of college sport toward good. It is only fair to take up some of its tendencies toward evil.

It is affirmed by the opponents of the present system of athletic sport that it requires an excessive amount of time from its devotees and draws them too much away from study. Undoubtedly the assertion is true with respect to some athletes. Some students also give too much time to study, ruining their health, and thus defeating the purpose of their college course, which is to prepare them for life, not to unfit them for it. Of the two excesses—excess of study and excess of exercise—the dangerous pressure at present is toward excess of study, because it does not admit of any rules to restrain it. Excessive devotion to athletic sport is restrained in all institutions of recognized standing by requiring a scholarship standard for the athlete high enough to make certain that he gives a fair amount of time to his proper college work. If he does not come up to the requirements he is not allowed to compete in athletics. Not only this, but every athlete must be regular in his attendance on college exercises. To this end the public events are cut down within limits narrow enough to insure his presence at lectures and recitations.

Then there is the evil of betting. This is not an evil peculiar to athletics. Games and races do not create betting. They simply divert it from other channels. If athletics were prohibited gambling would increase.

It is said that athletics set before the college a false standard of excellence—namely, one entirely physical. But that assertion will not stand the test of truth. The standard of good scholarship remains. It is often maintained by the athletes. The lately elected captain of the Yale football team is one of the best scholars of his class. The standard of good conduct remains. The college world still respects any of its number who approach these standards, but it thinks the better of a man if he has a vigorous body as well as a scholarly mind and upright character.

The Movement to Check Extravagance The tendency to extravagance in expenditure, though not existing to the extent often asserted, does nevertheless exist. The importance of college sport in a financial light will be revealed to many persons who fail to comprehend it in any other way. At Yale the total expenses of all the sports were, for the season of 1896-7, $43,625.25; for 1897-8, $64,685.33; for 1898-9, $55,384.24. Since for the seasons of 1897-8 and 1898-9 there were unusual outlays on the athletic field, particularly so in 1897-8, the expenses for 1896-7 would be nearer the average yearly cost of the sports: $43,625.25 represents the interest at four per cent. of an invested capital of $1,090,631.25. That amount is greater than one-fifth of the total permanent funds of the University, viz., $4,554,829.45, as given in the report of the treasurer for the year ending July 31, 1899. In 1881-2 the total expenses for the athletic sports were $17,476.04. There was, therefore, an increase of one hundred and forty-nine per cent. in the expenses during the period between the two seasons. During the same period there was an increase in membership at the University of one hundred and thirty-nine per cent. The difference between the two percentages does not show a greatly increased tendency to extravagance. But, nevertheless, it is idle to deny that there is extravagance which ought to be checked. There is a very general feeling, even in the student body, that this evil should be remedied. It is largely owing to the prevalence of this feeling that a movement is on foot to make the officer here known as the Graduate Treasurer of the Financial Union (a body which handles all the income of the college sports) also an appointee of the Faculty, authorized to supervise the accounts and to check unnecessary expense. When this movement is completed it will put an end to the only evil which threatens the integrity of college sport.

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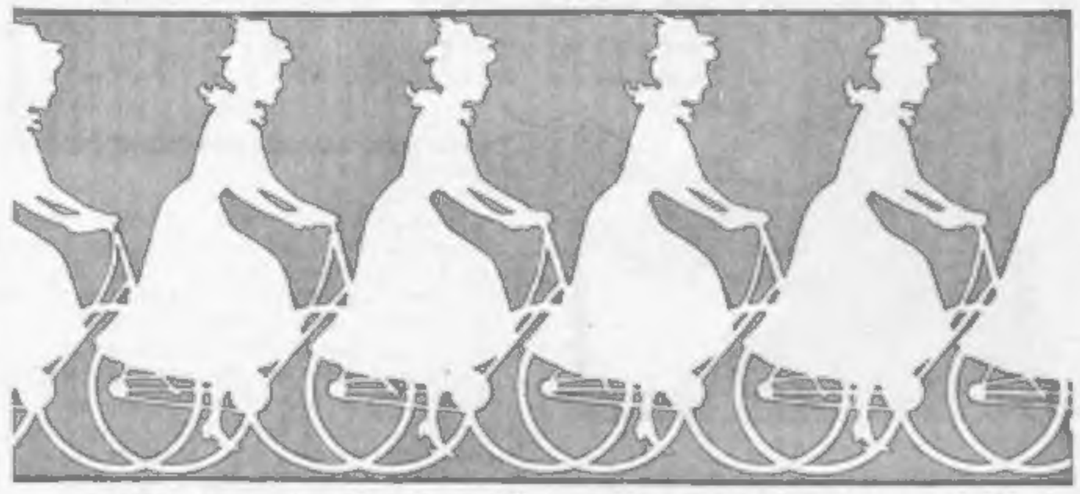

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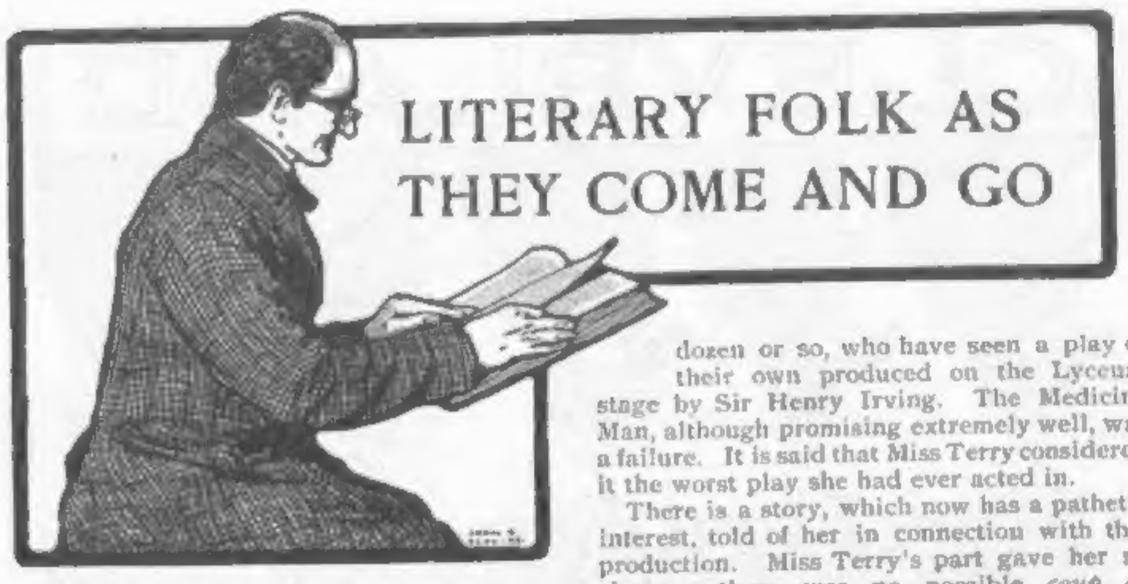

LITERARY FOLK AS THEY COME AND GO

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S new book, The Money Sense, is likely to be popular, for it is almost as vulgar, though by no means so witty, as Dodo. In this novel Mrs. Arthur Stannard deals with the rise and fall of a most disagreeable type of young lady, who may possess the money sense—whatever that may be—but has no grain of any other sort. Mrs. Stannard has lived now for some years in France, at Dieppe, where she is the centre of an English coterie of friends of pseudo-literary tastes. Living so much abroad she has lost touch with English manners, and her last novel is thought, in England, to be more the work of imagination than of observation and knowledge.

Some incidental characters, however, are of the nature of caricature, and there seemed a chance of amusement, if only of a personal nature, in the introduction of a lady novelist and a husband who objects to being called "the novelist's husband." But these drift and fade, even in the author's mind, for on one page they are called the Geoffrey Hilliards, and ten pages later they are spoken of as the Galbraiths. It was permitted Thackeray to kill his Helen Pendennis in one number of his novel and bring her to life in the next. But Mrs. Stannard is not yet quite Thackeray—although Bootles' Baby, it is said, was warmly admired by Ruskin in his declining years—and when she forgets the names of her characters it rather seems to give the show away to the reader.

Richard Whiteing's Long Shot

RICHARD WHITEING is a great man in every sense of the word. Tall and ponderous, with a massive head and strong features that are in nowise out of proportion to his magnificent physique, he is some one not easily to be overlooked, however crowded the drawing-room in which he appears. Kind with the kindness that belongs to Nature's giants, he is forever giving the struggling author a hint or a helping hand.

"Do not waste yourself over small efforts," he is fond of pointing out to the beginner; "a book is a long shot, but it kills more in the end than a volley of musketry!" It is easy to trace the hidden emphasis in his words to a retrospective glance over the years when the "volley of musketry" kept his own "long shot" from being fired.

A Playmate of Longfellow's Children

MRS. HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, the author, is a daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr. She says the most interesting period of her life was her schooldays, which were passed with the children of Longfellow and other New England celebrities. She obtained glimpses of the eminent poet and his friends which showed them in the pleasantest of all lights, that of the home circle. Longfellow had a great love for children and took a particular delight in reciting to them little poems, nonsensical improvisations and quaint little stories. Her friends have often suggested that she should make a memoir of these matters. At present Mrs. Skinner is deeply interested in patriotic movements in Detroit, where she resides.

The Death of H. D. Traill

THE English papers have had long accounts of the career of Mr. H. D. Traill, whose sudden death at fifty-seven years of age has robbed literature in general of a most valuable supporter, and literature in particular of its distinguished and gifted editor. Mr. Traill, apart from his literary work—and in connection with it, too—was a most delightful man. A strong sense of humor salted his outlook upon life.

Mr. Traill only once attempted a stage play, and that with the collaboration of Mr. Hichens. He was one of the few men, a half dozen or so, who have seen a play of their own produced on the Lyceum stage by Sir Henry Irving. The Medicine Man, although promising extremely well, was a failure. It is said that Miss Terry considered it the worst play she had ever acted in.

There is a story, which now has a pathetic interest, told of her in connection with this production. Miss Terry's part gave her no chance; there was no possible *coup de théâtre*. At one rehearsal, when she was overwrought, nervous and disappointed, she turned upon her admirers, Mr. Traill and Mr. Hichens, and poured out her disapproval in a half humorous, half severe tirade. "For such a play," she said, pointing to Hichens, "may you be cut off in the bud of your youth, and you," pointing to Traill, "in the flower of your prime."

Alas! for once the word in jest has come true. All who knew his work and all who knew the man, young at heart though nearing sixty years, will mourn for H. D. Traill these many days.

It is curious that Mr. Traill's most characteristic work, The New Lucian, should have appeared in London in a new and enlarged edition almost on the day of his death.

Paul Dunbar's Gifted Wife

LITERARY marriages are by no means the rule, and that the foremost writer of his race should be rivaled in the telling of short stories by his wife makes the appearance of Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar in the field of literature a matter worthy of note. Mrs. Dunbar has written a volume of short stories, The Goodness of St. Rocque, which is meeting with a favorable reception from the book-buying world. The scenes are laid in the New Orleans of George W. Cable, and much of the charm of description which belongs to the novelist of the Creoles has been caught by the writer. Until recently Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar lived in Washington, where the poet held a clerical position in the Congressional Library. They are now living in Colorado.

An Involuntary Horse Thief

THERE is no fun in being a criminal, even though it be by accident. George H. Jessup, the novelist and playwright, who has now a big place in Cabinteely, Ireland, once lived in San Francisco. There was an epidemic of horse-stealing at that time which was followed by a sympathetic attack of lynching. Vigilance committees were everywhere, and strangers on strange horses were viewed with suspicion.

Jessup and a friend were out driving one day and took part in a picnic where they knew nobody. They passed several pleasant hours at San Mateo, where the festival took place, and then remembered an important engagement. They left the crowd and went to the neighboring grove where the horses were tethered, and unfastening their own rig, as they supposed, jumped in and drove off. The horse had trotted two or three miles when the friend said:

"George, this isn't our horse. It's a larger and better animal."

Jessup looked at the steed carefully and replied, "Upon my word, you are right. This isn't our carriage robe either."

It was a handsome affair and they looked at it with some curiosity. On the inside of it was sewed a piece of cloth bearing the name and address of the owner. The friend gasped:

"George, do you know the owner of this rig is the head of the vigilance committee?"

Mr. Jessup broke into a cold perspiration as he replied: "Let's drive to the nearest telegraph station and wire him."

They drove like mad, and when they reached the station made arrangements at the hotel to have the horse and wagon cleaned. Then they sent a dispatch, and waited their fate.

In due time the irate owner arrived, and to their inexpressible joy he came in their own vehicle. There were explanations and apologies, and, according to California custom, the luckless Jessup was compelled to "treat the house," an act which kept him poor for the remainder of the month.

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